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FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

THE SAILOR'S SECRET OR THE TREASURE OF DEAD MAN'S ROCK.

AND OTHER STORIES

BY A SELF MADE MAN



The sudden appearance of the unwelcome visitors startled the party. "Grab the box and run!" cried Jack, picking up his gun. Tom and Sam seized the treasure chest and scooted, while Backstay put himself in position to cover their retreat.

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BOX 985
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Harold G. Lórang
Darien Center,
N. Y.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 764

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1920.

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THERE is practically the same amount of reading matter in this weekly that the larger size contained. We have merely condensed the type and make up to conserve paper.

THE PUBLISHER.

THE SAILOR'S SECRET

Or THE TREASURE OF DEAD MAN'S ROCK.

Harold G. Lörang
BY A SELF-MADE MAN N. Y.

CHAPTER I—Bob Backstay.

"Want to take a sail this morning, young gents?" asked Bob Backstay, the wooden-legged mariner, whose familiar figure haunted the steamboat wharf at old Nantucket during the season when summer visitors were very much in evidence at that ancient seaport. The two boys Backstay addressed were named Jack Sterling and Tom Linden, chums and junior clerks in adjoining wholesale shoe houses in Summer street, Boston. It was the month of July and their annual vacation occurring at the same time, they had elected to spend it on Nantucket Island, thirty miles out in the Atlantic, off the southeast shore of Massachusetts. Jack was the son and chief support of a widow in moderate circumstances, and lived with his mother and two young sisters in a pretty little cottage in the suburbs of the Hub. Bob dwelt in the same block, with his father and mother, in equally humble circumstances.

The boys had secured board and lodging for a reasonable price at the home of an old Nantucket resident, through an advertisement in a Boston paper, and at the time we introduce them to the reader they had been just two days on the island. They had spent the first day in taking in the interesting sights to be found in the quaint old place, and among other things they learned that the first white person to land on the island was one Thomas Macy, in 1659, who had been banished from Salisbury, Mass., on account of giving shelter to some Quakers in a storm. At that time there were some 3,000 Indians in possession of the island.

They had been inside the oldest dwelling, built in 1686, on a chimney of which they saw a figure of raised brickwork, in the shape of an inverted U, which represented a horseshoe doing guard duty against the witches of the 17th century. They had also inspected the old grist mill, which is something of a landmark and has a history, and viewed other curiosities of equal interest. Now, on the morning of the third day they had strolled down to the wharf with the idea of engaging a boatman to take them out to Brant Point lighthouse at the harbor entrance. Backstay was rather a picturesque old man, with his wooden leg, mahogany-hued countenance, knotted

weatherbeaten hands, long clay pipe and the unmistakable flavor of salt water. There were other boatmen on the alert for a fare, and the whole bunch started for the boys, holding up their hands in rivalry, and asking for their patronage, but Jack was rather taken by Backstay's appearance and nodded to him.

"This way, young gents," he said, holding his pipe in his hand and rolling down to the end of the wharf where his weather-scarred little sloop was moored.

The boys followed him.

"He looks like a character," remarked Tom.

"I'll bet he is, that's why I'd rather go out with him. I'll wager what he doesn't know about the island isn't worth talking about," said Jack.

"Step aboard, young gents," said the old sailor. "This here hooker of mine ain't the handsomest craft in the harbor, but there ain't none stancher. She kin stand up under a blow as 'ud send some o' them fancy riggers to the bottom quicker'n you could whisper Jack Robinson. An' that reminds me," added the old shellback, as he started to hoist the sail before casting the line loose from the wharf, "that my old mate, Jack Robinson, he's dead an' planted these six years, once outsailed an easterly hurricane, which he seen a-sweepin' down the Cape Cod coast, in this here boat."

The boys grinned.

"That was going some," said Jack.

"I'll allow it was, young gents," nodded the sailor, making the sheet fast to a cleat in the roof of the little cabin. "This here sloop kin show as clean a pair o' heels as any craft o' her size afloat, an' in any kind o' weather."

The mariner undid the mooring-line and the little vessel fell away from the wharf, her mainsail flapping in the breeze. With wonderful agility for a man with only one flesh-and-blood leg, he hopped to his seat on the weather-side of the tiller and put the boat on her course, after instructing his two passengers to take their places to the windward. It was a fine morning and the sun sparkled on the rippling water of the harbor, while through the narrow opening, a mile away on the left, the boys could catch a glimpse of Nantucket Sound. Both lads were rather partial to the water, and they enjoyed the sail hugely. Tucking the tiller under his arm, Backstay pulled his long pipe out of his pocket, recharged the

bowl, lit the tobacco with a match that he ignited with a swift movement across his thigh and then sheltered with both his huge, hairy hands, and puffed away in great contentment.

"I apprehend that you young gents have come from Boston?" hazarded the sailor.

"That's right," nodded Jack.

"A-spendin' your vacation down here?"

"Yes."

"Calkilate to remain a month or so?"

"No, only two weeks altogether. We'd like to stay longer, but we can't."

"What's to hinder you?" asked Backstay, curious to learn all he could from his passengers.

"We each work in a large shoe house and we're only allowed two weeks off."

"I thought mebbe you was goin' to school."

"We're done with school for good."

"Then I s'pose you know most everythin' that's to be found in books?"

"Not by a jugful," chipped in Tom. "What we haven't learned would fill enough books to sink this boat."

The sailor looked surprised and cast his eyes over the sloop as if mentally figuring up how many books it would require to sink her.

"There's the lighthouse, yonder. Do you want to land an' take a look inside?"

"Yes. Will we be allowed in?"

"I've fetched visitors there afore, an' I've seen 'em standin' on the gallery around the lantern. You want to call at that there house behind it and ask."

Five minutes later the boys stepped on to the landing.

CHAPTER II.—The Derelict.

The boys found the keeper at the house and he consented to show them over the lighthouse. When they came out on the breeze-swept gallery about the lantern and looked down, they saw Bob Backstay smoking in the cockpit of his sloop, waiting for them to return.

"What's that yonder?" Jack asked the keeper, pointing at an object floating on the Sound, some distance to the northwest.

The keeper had fetched up a spyglass for the boys to look through, and he lifted it to his eye.

"It's a vessel, and the queerest kind of one I've ever seen," he said, in a tone of interest. "Looks something like one of those lightships that are anchored off the coast where the Government can't put up lighthouses. Those vessels are so well anchored that the possibility of one of them breaking loose, even in a big gale, is rather remote. As we haven't had anything of that kind lately it doesn't stand to reason that it's a lightship which has gone adrift. Take a look."

The boys took turns in gazing at the strange craft which was floating lazily toward the channel, between Muskeget and Tuckeruck islands, some twelve miles away. Her appearance was sufficiently odd to excite the greatest curiosity in them.

"I should like to get a closer view of her," said Jack.

"We can do that by getting our boatman to sail over toward her. It's such a nice day that I guess there would be no risk in it. It would suit our man, all right, for we're paying him by

the hour. The longer we're out the more he will earn," said Tom.

"All right. We'll put it to him," replied Jack.

When they had seen all they wanted of the lighthouse, the boys returned to the sloop.

"Are ye goin' back, or would you like to take a short cruise on the Sound?" asked Backstay. "I calkilate a longer sail would do you both good."

"Do you see that vessel yonder?" asked Jack, pointing.

"I'll allow that I see somethin' o' that kind floatin' out there, but I can't make out jest what kind o' craft it is," said the sailor.

"We were looking at it through a telescope from the top of the lighthouse, an' it's a very curious kind of vessel. We'd like to get a closer view of her if it is all the same to you," said Jack.

"Step aboard, young gents, an' I'll take you out to her before you kin whisper Jack Robinson," said Backstay, with alacrity.

The boys stepped on board the sloop, the sailor cast off and they were soon sailing in the direction of the strange craft. They looked in the direction of the vessel, now half a mile distant, and saw a weather-beaten hull, with two half-masts, each surmounted by a sort of crow's nest, or lookout, and a short bowsprit. There were no signs of yards, nor of a funnel that would indicate she was propelled by steam, therefore her means of locomotion appeared to be a mystery.

"That there craft puts me in mind o' the vessel that Jack Robinson ran foul o' once upon a time," said Backstay.

"Tell us about her," said Jack.

"It was many years ago, long afore you young gents was born, and Jack was in the China Sea at the time. He was sailin' afore the mast in a bark called the General Jackson. His hooker was off the coast of Borneo, makin' for Singapore, in the Malay Peninsular. It was jest about sunset when all of a sudden around a cape came a——"

"Gee! there is somebody aboard of her!" cried Tom, whose eyes were fastened on the presumed derelict ahead.

Jack and the sailor looked, but could see nothing.

"I don't see anybody," said Jack.

"Blamed if I do, either," said Backstay.

"I saw a head looking over the bulwark for a moment," said Tom.

"Sure of it, are you?"

"Positive, for I saw it move."

"Then the hulk is not deserted. Perhaps it's some unfortunate man who would like to be rescued from his unpleasant situation."

"We'll see when we get closer," said Tom. "Go on with your story, Mr. ——"

"My name is Backstay, Bob Backstay. Nobody ever calls me mister. I'm just plain Bob, or Backstay, whichever you like to call me. P'raps you don't mind tellin' me your names, young gents?"

"My name is Tom Linden, and my friend's is Jack Sterling."

"Proud to know ye both, young gents. And now, as I was a-saying, around a cape came a——"

"There it is again!" interrupted Tom.

Whatever it was that Tom saw it disappeared before Jack or the sailor could focus their eyes on it.

"It was a man's head, I suppose?" said Jack.

"I guess so, but it was hairy, as if he had a full beard," replied Tom.

"Maybe it was a dog's head you saw," said Jack. "I have heard of abandoned derelicts being picked up with nobody but the ship's dog on board," said Jack.

Pretty soon they were close aboard of the strange craft. She looked as if she had been many months roaming the briny deep, for her iron sides were of a rusty-red color, as if corroded by the action of the water. As the sloop passed close to her stern they saw by the position of the rudder, which swung idly with the action of the currents, that the craft was a steamer of some kind, for there evidently was, or had been, a screw propeller between the rudder and the hull. She looked less grotesque close by than at a distance, and had the lines of a craft not built for speed, for she was short and squatty, with a breadth of beam out of proportion to her length.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Jack, through his hands.

"Hello, aboard!" roared Tom.

There was no response to their hails, even after they repeated them several times.

"Evidently there are no human beings on board, or if there are they are not in shape to answer," said Jack. "What you saw, Tom, must have been a dog, and he may be unable to bark. What had best be done, Mr. Backstay? Do you think one of us ought to go on board and investigate her?"

"Suit yourself, young gent. If you want to go aboard I'll run alongside and make fast to that line hangin' over the side. One or both o' you kin climb aboard by way of the chains easy enough, an' when you've seen all you want to see ye kin slide back to the sloop again," said Backstay.

"Are you game to follow me?" asked Jack of his friend.

Tom looked dubiously at the derelict and seemed inclined to hold back.

"If you don't want to come I'll go alone," said Jack, who had plenty of pluck. "Run in, Mr. Backstay, and make fast."

The sailor did so. As the sloop lay close up to the iron vessel, Backstay easily holding her in position by grasping one of the inclined braces that held in place the horizontal projection to which the ratlines were attached, Jack swung himself up on the foot of the ratlines and thence made his way to the top of the bulwark. From his perch the boy was able to catch a good view of the deck.

"What do you see, Jack?" asked Tom.

"I see the deck. It is littered with rubbish, ropes scattered around in confusion, and everything at sixes and sevens. There isn't a living thing to be seen. If there's a dog on board he has hidden himself. Come up and take a look," replied Jack.

Tom concluded that he would, and was soon astride of the bulwark, too. The deck looked like a playground after a sham battle. Against the bulwark lay the upper half of the steamer's funnel in two sections.

Some strong natural force had evidently wrenched it from its connection on a level with the deck.

The ratlines that braced the two wooden masts ran as usual to the futtock shrouds, and the

shrouds themselves to the edge of the platforms, or tops, where, in ordinary vessels, the topmast is joined to the lower mast; but this craft was never fitted with extensions to the lower masts. The tops marked their limit and were surrounded with a circular rim of wood about four feet high, which made a sort of watch-tower of each. What such a curious contrivance was intended for, the boys could not guess. They had never seen it, like before, nor had Backstay, who had remarked upon their oddity before the sloop closed with the derelict.

There was the usual forecabin forward, with a ship's galley between it and the foremast, and the cabin was aft, like in a sailing vessel. The entrance to the forecabin was open, and so was the door of the passage leading into the cabin. The boys could just see the top of the wheel above the level of the cabin roof. They kicked their heels against the bulwark and shouted loud enough for anybody to hear had there been human beings on board. Nobody appeared from either the cabin or the forecabin. As far as the boys could see, the derelict was deserted.

Dick informed Backstay of the state of things, and that worthy's curiosity was so much excited that he decided to join the boys. Even handicapped as he was by a wooden leg, he accomplished the feat with more nimbleness than the boys had shown. He took in the deck, with its confused and deserted look, and then dropped into the waist. The boys were emboldened to follow him. The entrance to a roofed-over hatchway showed an iron ladder descending into what was probably the engine-room. As it was as dark as pitch down there, none of the three thought of venturing the descent.

The sailor walked forward, with the boys after him. He had no difficulty in opening the door of what he took for granted was the galley, and a glance inside proved that his surmise was correct. Then he went on to the entrance of the forecabin. It was as dark as a dungeon in there, too, but they could see where the short ladder connected with the floor. The little party was not anxious to inspect that place, and contented themselves with shouting down, but they got not the faintest whispered answer.

The cabin remained to be looked at, and the trio started for it. On the way Tom glanced over the bulwark at the sloop, but to his dismay the sloop was not where they had left her. In some way, the hitch Backstay made had slipped and the wind catching her sail the little craft drifted off. She was now a dozen yards away, and every moment increasing her distance.

"Holy smoke! the sloop's adrift!" shouted Tom.

CHAPTER III.—Strange Appearance of Things.

Jack and the sailor made a rush for the bulwark and looked over. They saw that Tom had spoken the truth, and both uttered an ejaculation of consternation.

"Jibbooms and marling spikes! we're marooned aboard this hooker!" exclaimed Backstay.

"What are we going to do?" asked Tom, nervously.

"Do? We can't do nothin'. We've got to stay here till somebody takes us off," replied the sailor.

Then they looked at the shore of Nantucket, four or five miles away. The only sails in sight were a couple of pleasure craft, miles astern around the entrance to the harbor.

"We can't do better than put in our time looking the cabin over," said Jack. "Maybe we'll discover the identity of this vessel, and find a clue to the cause of her abandonment."

Backstay agreed that they might as well investigate the cabin as to remain hanging around the deck, so they walked to the door leading into the passage and entered, Jack leading the way. The first door they came to was locked, but as the key stood in it, Jack took the liberty of turning it and opening the door. They found the room was the steward's pantry, and everything appeared to be in order there. A long shelf was filled with cans of preserved meats and vegetables and soups, all bearing American labels.

"After we look into the cabin," said Jack, pulling out his watch and finding that it was a little after mid-day, "we might as well come back here and have dinner, for at the best it will be late in the afternoon before we are likely to reach shore, and there is no reason why we should go hungry with all this food in sight."

Jack's suggestion was carried by acclamation.

Then they left the pantry and looked into the room opposite. This contained a bunk, a chest of tools and other indications that it was the carpenter's room. The door of the cabin was open, and the same confusion existed here as on deck, everything movable being tumbled about. It was as if the crew had engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight there, and had used the portable articles for missiles. The doors of the different staterooms stood open, and it showed the same indescribable mix-up.

"The craft looks as if she had been boarded by pirates, who had done up the crew and officers and cleaned out everything of value," said Jack.

"There aren't any pirates these days. I should say there had been a mutiny," said Tom.

"No," said Jack, "I don't believe there was a mutiny. If the crew had taken possession of the vessel they'd have cleaned out the pantry. Besides, there is no evidence that any one was killed, or that blood was shed in any shape."

"That's right," admitted Tom. "What do you think of things, anyway, Mr. Backstay?"

The old sailor scratched his head with a dubious look.

"I dunno what to make of it," he said. "Looks as if the ship's company had been on the rampage."

"It certainly does," said Tom.

"Here's a revolver in a holster," said Jack, pulling it out from under a pile of bedclothes that lay scattered about on the floor of the captain's room.

He unbuttoned the holster and took out a navy revolver. It was fully loaded, not a chamber having been discharged. There was a small safe in one corner, but it showed no signs of having been tampered with.

Jack lifted the bedclothes to see if there was anything else under them, and he discovered a rifle, a fine Remington magazine weapon, but the barrel was twisted all out of shape, as if somebody with great strength had tried to smash it out of spite. It was loaded up with cartridges that could not possibly be fired.

"Just look at that gun," said Jack, holding it up.

His companions looked and marveled at its demoralized shape. The boys found that none of the contents of the lockers had been touched. They were filled with clothes and other wearing apparel, and one had nothing but charts in it.

"Let's inspect the other rooms," said Jack.

They had merely glanced into them and noted the state of confusion they were in, but now they entered, each in turn. The wreck of things was simply appalling, as it was in the captain's room. On opening an upright closet in the stateroom opposite the captain's, Jack saw two more handsome Remington magazine rifles, fully loaded, together with a box of cartridges. They had escaped the fate of the gun in the skipper's room.

Bob Backstay showed very little interest, after the first general survey, in the condition of the cabin and staterooms. Whether he had any opinion on the subject seemed doubtful, but he had nothing to say. He left the boys rummaging around and went on deck to see what the chances were for their rescue from the derelict. He found that the craft had passed through the channel between the islands, and was drifting south out into the Atlantic. The hope he had entertained that somebody on the islands was sure to notice the strange craft and put off to her had not been realized so far as the latter part of it was concerned.

Doubtless the vessel had been seen by many persons, but none of them was curious enough to seek a closer inspection of her, or if they were they were without means of doing it. There wasn't a sail within miles, and their chance of rescue was growing less every moment. The old sailor realized that their situation had become decidedly serious, but the reflection that there was food and drink aboard in plenty served to make him feel that things were far from being hopeless. The fate of his sloop, by which he gained his living, worried him not a little. She was not insured, and her loss would prove a serious handicap to him.

The wooden-legged sailor turned away from the bulwark to rejoin his young companions and inform them how much worse the outlook for them was than he had expected it would be, when, happening to glance forward, he saw, issuing from the forecabin a huge, hairy beast of hideous aspect. Its long, powerful arms reached nearly to the ground, and the moment Backstay's gaze rested on it his experience told him that it was a gorilla—one of the largest and fiercest he had ever seen. The old sailor had no wish to argue the possession of the deck with this despot of the Gaboon forest. He made a dart for the passage entrance, hopping across the deck like a kind of clumsy bird, and disappeared, slamming the door after him. The gorilla stared at the strange apparition, evidently an unexpected sight, and stopped where he was. Even after Backstay had vanished from his sight he did not move for some moments, but continued to look at the closed door. Then he got in motion again and made direct for the door.

CHAPTER IV.—The Eyes in the Forecastle.

As soon as the sailor had placed the door between himself and the ferocious animal he hopped.

straight for the cabin. He bounced over the obstructions in his path, like a circus horse doing a hurdle act, and presented himself before the boys in a way that convinced them that something unusual had happened to the boatman. They had just taken down the two Remingtons and were admiring the weapons.

"What's the matter, Mr. Backstay?" asked Jack. "You look excited."

"I jest seen the biggest gorilla I ever laid eyes on, an' I reckon I've seen a hull lot o' the species in my time."

"A gorilla!" exclaimed both boys, in a breath.

"Yes. He come out o' the fo'k's'l while I was standin' 'longside the bulwark, an' the moment my eyes lit on him I made tracks for the cabin. Is them guns loaded?" he added, eagerly.

"They are," replied Jack.

"Gimme one o' them. We've got to put that gorilla out o' business right away, or he'll put us out," said Backstay, taking the rifle out of Tom's hands and cocking it.

"Why, how should a gorilla be aboard this vessels?" asked Jack.

"That's more'n I kin tell ye, but he's here, right enough. I calkilate he's the cause o' all this mix-up on deck, in the cabin an' in these here state-rooms."

The boys looked at each other. They had both read enough about the gorilla to understand what a fierce animal it was, and how tremendously strong they were.

"You say that you saw him coming out of the forecastle?" said Jack.

"I did," nodded the sailor.

"He saw you, I suppose?"

"I calkilate he did."

"What did you do with the revolver you found?" Tom asked Jack.

"I left it on the top of the safe in the state-room."

"I guess I'd better get it."

"I think ye had," said the sailor.

Tom ran across and into the captain's room. As he placed his hand on the weapon he heard a crashing noise. The gorilla, after pausing a while in front of the door of the passage, had grabbed the handle and wrenched it open. Then it walked forward through the passage. Jack and Backstay, with the Remingtons cocked, awaited his coming. At that moment Tom came to the door of the captain's stateroom and saw the gorilla. The nearest approach to the species he had ever seen was a chimpanzee, in the menagerie of a circus, and that animal was tame and good-natured.

"Let him have it in the heart," said Backstay, raising his rifle and pulling the trigger, as the gorilla came toward them.

Jack followed his example so rapidly that both reports blended almost into one. A terrible scream from the animal followed. At such short range neither of the shooters could very well miss their mark. The bullets ploughed into the gorilla's chest. Although mortally hurt, the beast still had the strength to spring at its enemies. Tom shouted a warning and fired the revolver at its head.

Jack and Backstay saw the animal rushing at them with blood in its eyes and a look of vengeance in its horrible countenance. They fired again, Jack taking a hurried aim at the gorilla's

head. His bullet entered the beast's brain through one of its eyes, while Backstay's ball reached its heart. The ponderous animal dropped dead almost at their feet.

"He's done for," said Jack, with a feeling of great relief.

"Yes, I calkilate he's as dead as a coffin-nail," said the sailor.

Leaving the carcass in the cabin, they went out on deck to see what chance they had of escaping from the derelict. Before they reached the bulwark, Backstay told them the results of his own observations on the subject, and the boys looked at each other in not a little consternation at the thought of drifting out into the trackless Atlantic, at the mercy of wind and tide, and with the doubtful possibility of rescue. When they looked back over the track they had come and saw the shore of Nantucket in the far distance, the hearts of the two boys sank. Ahead lay the limitless Atlantic, with not a sail in sight.

"We seem to be in it up to our neck," said Jack, gloomily.

"I should say so. At the rate we're drifting we'll be out of sight of land before sunset. We may not be picked off this craft for a week," said Tom.

"Well, young gents, if it's all the same to you, s'pose we go into the pantry an' sample some o' the grub that's there?" said the sailor.

The boys willingly agreed to his suggestion, for they were rather hungry by this time, the hour being after one. Accordingly, the trio adjourned to the pantry. Jack got down a couple of cans of meat and removed the tops with a can-opener, while Tom got out plates, knives and forks and a quantity of the biscuit.

"What shall we do for water?" asked Jack.

"That's a very important item."

"We'll have to do without it at this meal," said Tom.

"We can use a bottle of the claret that I saw a couple of cases of in the pantry as a substitute."

Backstay said they would doubtless find plenty of good drinking water on the vessel when they looked in the right place for it. They made a very fair meal off the meat and crackers, and topped off with some of the Dundee marmalade. After eating all they wanted to they returned to the deck, where Backstay filled his pipe and lighted it. They stood for a while leaning over the bulwark, watching the fast-receding island from which they had been so unexpectedly separated, and then Jack proposed that they should investigate the forecastle and the region below the deck.

Jack got the lantern and lighted it, and with the rifles cocked, ready for action, they entered the forecastle by way of the ladder. The sailor led the way holding the light above his head, while the boys came close behind him. Backstay, being accustomed to forecastles, pushed forward without hesitation. His wooden leg, however, got caught in some obstruction that lay in his path, and he tripped forward on his face and hands, the lantern crashing against the floor. The wire guards around it saved the glass, but the light was extinguished and they were left in comparative gloom, the only light coming through the entrance above the steps.

"Good gracious, what's that?" gasped Tom, as a pair of diamond-shaped eyes suddenly glowed forth from a dark corner.

The eyes swung from side to side, like the pendulum of a clock. Above the noise made by Backstay, in scrambling on his feet, sounded a peculiar hiss that made one's blood curdle. The boys had never heard anything like it before in their lives. The sailor had, often, and he recognized the sound before he saw the eyes himself.

"Get out of here, quick!" he cried to the boys. "There's a snake in here big enough to make a meal off you."

Tom needed no second order to send him precipitately up the ladder. Backstay followed, as fast as his wooden leg would permit him, which was about as fast as if it had been a flesh-and-blood one. Jack, fascinated by the peculiar look of the eyes and their wavy motion, stood rooted to the spot he had occupied when they first appeared. When he did not come up the ladder Tom yelled down at him. The sound of his chum's voice aroused Jack from his trance and he began backing toward the ladder, but the snake still held his gaze. One of his feet hit the ladder and he fell backwawrd against it. That broke the spell which had partly held him. Recovering himself, he caught the glare of the eyes again. They had become motionless. Quick as a flash, Jack raised his Remington to his shoulder, took aim and fired. The eyes disappeared, with a hiss, and then a tremendous noise arose in the forward part of the forecastle.

CHAPTER V.—A Scrap with a Boa-Constrictor.

"Come away, young gents," Backstay said. "We'll slide the scuttle over and shut the reptile down there."

Getting behind the scuttle he gave it a shove. Owing to the fact that it had been standing open some time, it did not respond as readily as it should have done. It stuck every inch or two. Backstay finally exerted all his force and the slide shot forward, but not before the long, sinuous neck of the snake popped out like the figure of a jack-in-a-box.

"Oh, gracious!" gasped Tom, beating a hurried retreat.

Jack, however, saw that the snake was temporarily trapped, at any rate, and he took advantage of the fact to take another shot at its ugly head, which he realized he had missed in the forecastle. Jack shoved his rifle up toward the swinging head. The snake darted at it, striking the muzzle with its fangs with lightning-like rapidity. The boy pulled the trigger and the boa's head was literally blown to pieces. The neck fell forward and worked around from the reflex action of its muscles. Dead as the reptile undoubtedly was now, it would be some time before it ceased to move.

"Get a rope an' make a hitch around its neck," said Backstay, "otherwise it will slide back into the fok's'l when I let go of the scuttle lid."

Jack dropped his gun and picking up a piece of line at random from the mass that lay about on the deck he, with Tom's assistance, put several tight loops around the snake's neck and, hauling the rope taut, made the end fast to a belaying-pin. The sailor then left the scuttle, picked up his pipe and relighted it.

"Maybe there's another snake or two down in the forecastle," said Tom.

"I hope not, for it might get out and make a meal of one of us."

"I guess after what we've been through it won't be safe to venture into the hold," said Tom.

"Why, are you afraid that there might be a whole menagerie loose down there?"

"No telling what there is down there. I've seen as much of the vessel as I care to."

"I'm going to see the rest of her if I can. I don't believe in doing things by halves. If Mr. Backstay will enter the hold I'm game to accompany him."

The old sailor nodded approvingly.

"You're made of the right stuff, young gent," he said. "We'll go below presently an' see what's to be seen there. I apprehend that we've seen all the live-stock that was aboard. If there should be any more hangin' 'round, promiscuous like, I reckon them rifles will give a good account o' 'em."

Having delivered his sentiments, Backstay went on smoking in silence. The boys conversed together on the general situation for a while, then Jack turned to the sailor and said:

"As it's likely we may have to remain aboard here a day or two, or perhaps longer, we can't leave the corpse of that gorilla in the cabin to putrefy and drive us out of our sleeping-quarters. We must get it out and overboard somehow."

Backstay nodded.

"Do you think the three of us will be able to lift and carry the beast?"

"We'll rig a rope around it an' haul it out on deck, then we can hoist it over the side," said the mariner.

"I'm ready to tackle the job whenever you are."

"We'll do it now," said Backstay, knocking the ashes from the bowl of his pipe and putting it in his pocket.

A rope that would serve their purpose was soon found and the three entered the cabin.

"Too bad that we can't take a photograph of that beast and also of the snake," said Tom. "Nobody will believe that we killed such monsters without better evidence than our words."

"That can't be helped. We'll have to be contented with the fact of knowing it ourselves," said Jack.

While they were talking the sailor was putting a rope around the unwieldy beast, and having fixed things to his satisfaction he announced that the moment had arrived for them to give the best imitation of dray horses they knew how. Each seized the slack end of a rope and at the word started to draw the animal toward the passage, a path having been cleared beforehand. It was something of a pull, but they managed it, and the dead gorilla was soon on deck. With the aid of a good-sized empty cask they raised the beast a little above the level of the bulwark, and then a strong shove sent it, ropes and all, into the sea.

"One good job done," said Jack. "I suppose the snake is dead by this time. Let's send him to join the gorilla."

The scuttle was shoved partly back and the boa, which measured twenty-three feet, was hauled out of the forecastle. It proved a hefty bit of dead weight. After some trouble it was launched over the side, too.

"We'll go into the hold now," said Backstay.

A narrow, perpendicular iron ladder was the only means of descent, and they had to go down singly. Backstay went first with the lantern in his teeth and the revolver in his pocket. Jack followed with his rifle slung over his back, and Tom came last, similarly armed. The ladder ended at a perforated iron platform, provided with a railing for the hand to catch hold of. A narrow continuation of the platform and railing led across a dark void and brought them to an iron ladder which, with a hand rail, pointed down into the darkness. Before descending, Backstay flashed the light down, and they saw the tops of the engines and other machinery forming the motive power of the craft. They went down and inspected the place, but not the slightest evidence of life was to be seen there. As far as they could see the machinery appeared to be in first-rate order. If the gorilla had been down there, as he probably had, he found nothing that tempted him to exercise his strength on. After looking the engine-room over as much as they wanted to they returned on deck. The island of Nantucket was out of sight, and there was nothing to be seen but the boundless ocean shimmering in the declining sun.

"We're all at sea now for fair," said Tom.

"Let's go up and look at one of those crow's nests at the top of the yards," suggested Jack.

"I'm with you," replied Tom, unshipping his rifle and placing it against the bulwark beside Jack's.

Backstay showed no curiosity to inspect the lookout, though he allowed that he had never seen masts before rigged like them. He pulled out his pipe and began to smoke again. As Tom felt there was nothing to fear up in the lookout, he led the way and Jack followed him. They ascended by way of the ratlines, but when it came to crawling out, body downward, along the futtock-shrouds, much after the style of a fly on an inward-inclined wall, Tom wilted. Like a landsman just turned sailor, he began looking for the lubber hole.

"What's the matter, Tom, why don't you go on?" grinned Jack, who easily saw what the trouble was.

"Nixy. I don't feel like going that way," answered Tom, crawling in behind the shrouds and looking down at his chum. "You can try it if you want to."

Jack laughed and was about to tackle the job when he noticed that there was a hinged trap-door above Tom's head.

"There's a trap over your head. I guess you can get into the lookout that way," said Jack. "Push it open."

Tom rose, pushed open the trap and stuck up his head. He gave one look, then uttered a yell and let the trap drop.

CHAPTER VI.—A Pair of Chimpanzees.

"What in thunder is the matter?" asked Jack.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Tom, "get down, quick! We must get our guns!"

"What's up there—another snake?"

"No. Two more of those gorillas."

"Two of them?" said Jack.

"Yes, two of them. Why don't you move? They may come after us."

"I don't hear any sounds."

"Go on down; I ain't going to stay here."

"Well, go down and fetch up one of the guns and then I'll investigate."

"I think we'd better leave them alone. If they come down we can shoot them, but up here we're at a disadvantage. If we try to shoot them through the trap one of them will be sure to jump over the top of the lookout, slide down and catch us. Then our name will be mud."

"Slide down and get your gun ready to shoot. I'm going to take a look and see how formidable these new animals are. Sure they're gorillas?"

"I guess they must be, though neither is as large as the fellow we killed."

"You go on and I'll attend to this end," said Jack, who had an idea that Tom might have seen a couple of young gorillas who were hiding up in the top, and therefore not specially dangerous.

Jack waited till Tom reached the deck, picked up one of the rifles and began explaining the situation to Backstay. Then, with some caution, he opened the trap and looked into the top. Lying against the circular wooden wall, with their legs toward the trap, were two chimpanzees, a male and a female, with their arms around each other. They never made a move, and but for the fact that they stared at Jack in a pitiful, frightened way, he would have thought them dead.

Jack had studied the different species of the monkey tribe enough to be able to tell the difference between a gorilla and a baboon, and a chimpanzee from either. He readily identified these two as chimpanzees, and knew that they were much less ferocious by nature and more intelligent in a general way than the gorilla or the baboon. They were also shorter in size, seldom exceeding four feet in height, with large, hairless ears, something like human ears. There were other features that marked their species clearly to the boy. He regarded them attentively and saw that there was nothing hostile in their attitude—indeed, both seemed stricken with fear. Jack remembered that he had some crackers in his pocket. He pulled out one and tossed it at the male chimpanzee. The monkey put out its hand, in a feeble way, picked up the cracker and carried it to the mouth of the female. The female began to munch it, but never removing her eyes from the boy.

Jack decided, from their appearance, that they were nearly starved. He threw several more crackers to the male, and then that monkey began to eat with some effort. Jack let the trap fall into its place and descended to the deck. He then went into the pantry, filled a jug with water from the brass-rimmed cask, added a dash of cognac to it, put a cup in his pocket and started for the lookout on the foremast. Tom, with considerable curiosity, followed him up the ratlines. Jack pushed open the trap, placed the jug on the floor and pulled himself up into the place, allowing his legs to dangle down through the hole. Taking the cup from his pocket, he filled it with water and offered it to the female chimpanzee. The male took it out of his hand, looked at it, then smelt of it, and finally tasted it. Jack made a motion of drinking. The male put the cup to its companion's mouth and she drank the water greedily, draining the cup to the last drop. The male handed the cup back to Jack, just like a human would, and the boy refilled it from the

jug and offered it to him. The chimpanzee took it and drank it. Tom, from where he stood, with his head through the trap, looked on with no small wonder. He judged that it must be weakness from lack of food and drink that made them so tame, but he could not understand how they could handle the cup in such an intelligent way. They acted just as if they had been trained to do it.

"Get down," said Jack. "I'm going to leave here."

Tom descended and Jack followed him after closing the trap.

"Well," said Jack, when they stood on the deck again, "what do you think of the chimpanzees?"

"I'll be hanged if I know what I think of them," replied Tom. "They seem to be tame enough at present, but I guess that's because they're half starved. I don't know that I'd care to trust them very far when they've got their strength back. I think you're a fool to take so much trouble with them."

"Don't you believe they're grateful for what I've done for them?"

"Grateful!" grinned Tom. "Whoever heard of a monkey possessing gratitude?"

"I've heard that chimpanzees can easily be trained through kindness and tact."

"Is that so? Do you expect to train that pair?"

"I'd like to, for somehow I've taken a great interest in them, they seem so human. That male is taking as much care of the female as though they were a real man and wife."

"No more than he ought to do," chuckled Tom.

"It's funny how many animals we've run across on board this vessel. Seems just like a floating menagerie."

"It does, for a fact," said Tom.

"Maybe we'll find a few more in the other top. Let's go up and see."

It took some persuasion to induce Tom to accompany him to the top of the mizzen-mast, and Jack had to lead the way. They found the top quite empty, much to Tom's satisfaction, and they got into the tub-like enclosure and gazed around upon the ocean, now reddened by the setting sun. Miles and miles away to the west they could see the smoke from a coast steamer. In the opposite direction a full-rigged ship had hove into sight. She was crossing their path in a northerly direction. The boys remained half an hour in the lookout and then returned to the deck.

They found Backstay in the pantry.

"Let's have supper," said Tom. "I'm getting hungry."

"Let's go and inspect the galley," said Jack. "If we can start a fire, Bob ought to be able to cook a pot of coffee and fry some of the bacon we have here."

The sailor fell in with the suggestion and the three went at once to the galley. The door was locked, but as the key was in it they got in and found everything in tip-top order. There were wood and coal in plenty to make a fire, and Backstay undertook to make one. Outside the door was a cask partially full of sweet water, and it wasn't long before the sailor had the kettle on. While he was attending to the stove the boys returned to the pantry. Jack cut a package of bacon in half and handed it to Tom, with a canister of coffee to take to the sailor.

When Tom returned to the galley he found that

Backstay had found a supply of coffee on a shelf there and had just made the beverage. In the meantime, Jack's further investigations had revealed a box of eggs imbedded in sawdust. He felt like shouting over this discovery, for a dish of bacon and eggs hit his fancy greatly. When Tom got back he, too, went into ecstasies over the eggs, and he rushed off with half a dozen of them for Backstay to fry. He returned with the gleeful intelligence that the sailor had found a panful of potatoes and was peeling some to go with the meal. He wanted some dishes to take to the galley. It was just sunset when Tom announced that supper was ready. While Tom and the sailor were carrying the dishes into the pantry, Jack filled the jug with water, and with his pocket full of crackers, revisited the chimpanzees. Judging by the expression on their Simian faces, they appeared delighted to see him again. He handed out the crackers, and leaving the jug on the floor, hurried down to get his supper, for Tom and Backstay were impatiently waiting for him.

"How are the chims?" grinned Tom.

"First-rate," replied Jack. "They seem to be coming around."

"Coming around, eh? I hope they'll stay up in their roost and not come down to bother us with their antics. I'm afraid that's too much to expect. I'll bet, in the long run, you'll be sorry for acting the Good Samaritan to them. Little monkeys are bad enough, but big ones are sure to prove troublesome, if not dangerous. Help yourself to the bacon and eggs."

Backstay proved that he was a good cook, and the boys declared that his coffee was as good as any they had ever drank. As for the bacon and eggs, as well as the fried potatoes, they were voted bang-up, and the boys enjoyed the supper immensely. The dishes were carted to the galley and washed in hot water, after which the three adjourned to the roof of the cabin and squatted down, with their backs to the skylight. Backstay got out his pipe, filled it and began his customary smoke.

"Our landlady must be wondering where we went," said Tom.

"I guess the whole town knows by this time that we went off sailing with Bob this morning, and as Bob hasn't been seen since he started off with us there will doubtless be some speculation as to where he carried us. If his boat has been picked up and taken into Nantucket, there will surely be a lot of excitement over the fact that no one was in her when she was found. As the day has been a fine one, everybody will wonder how the sloop came to be deserted. Until we are picked up and taken back, the town will have a mystery to puzzle over, and the longer we are away the greater the mystery will become," said Jack.

"If that there boat is lost, I'll be in a bad fix. I don't know how I'll be able to get another," said the sailor dolefully.

"If she is picked up you'll get her back. I guess everybody knows your boat."

"Yes, but the man who brings her into port will be legally entitled to salvage, and I haven't any money with which to satisfy his claim," said the old man.

For an hour they floated along under a starlit sky, which only dimly relieved the pall of night that rested on the face of the ocean. The wind

blew a smacking breeze, but it had little if any effect on the iron hull that was carrying them out further and further into the Atlantic, with a trend to the southward. At nine o'clock the moon rose, a full, round orb, and silvered the sea with a glistening pathway—a sight entirely new to the boys.

"Can't you spin us a yarn, Bob, before we turn in for the night?" asked Jack.

"One of your own experiences, and not Jack Robinson's," said Tom.

The sailor scratched his chin thoughtfully.

"I'll tell ye a lot o' yarns, but I calculate the one that'll interest ye the most is the true story of a pirate's treasure that once upon a time I diskivered hidden away under a great rock that bore a wonderful likeness to a human face. I found the treasure guarded by the skeleton of a man, who must have been walled up in the cave along with the gold, for some reason, maybe because he had a fallin' out with the crowd who hid the treasure there, and so I called the rock Dead Man's Rock, an' I reckon it was well named."

"What did you do with the treasure?" asked Jack, with considerable interest.

"I didn't do nothin' with it. I guess it lies there still in the cave under Dead Man's Rock, with the skeleton watchin' over it," replied Backstay solemnly.

"Why didn't you take it away with you?"

"Why didn't I? Because it wasn't intended I should have it."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"I couldn't tell ye. All I know is that I found it by accident, an' was congratulating myself on bein' a made man for life when—but I'll tell ye the yarn."

The old man charged his pipe again, lit it and began as follows:

CHAPTER VII.—The Sailor's Secret.

"Ye may think, when I get through, that this story ain't true—that I dreamed it all—but was I dyin' this moment I'd swear that every word of it is gospel truth. How kin it be otherwise, when I kin see the hull thing pass before my eyes now like a panorama? If I'd dreamed it, I'd have waked up an' found myself in bed, wouldn't I? In the same place where I went to sleep. I found myself in bed, it is true, but—well, I'd better begin at the beginnin', an' then when you've heard it all, from first to last, p'raps ye'll think yourselves that it was somethin' more than a dream. I never told the yarn but once, an' as it nearly landed me in a madhouse, I've kept it a secret ever since. I didn't think I'd ever feel called on to spin the tale ag'in, but somehow I can't help doin' it to-night, an' so ye shall both hear my secret, an' ye kin take it for what ye think it's worth."

The sailor blew a cloud of smoke from his lips, while his eyes rested reminiscently on the moon-kissed ocean, as if he saw something afar off that was invisible to any one but himself.

"It happened all o' thirty years ago," he began. "I was a young chap then, as strong an' hearty as any one o' my age an' size. I had been knockin' 'round the world in one vessel or another for a matter o' fifteen years, an' I had been most everywhere, except down to the South Pole. The nearest I ever came to that quarter o' the

globe was off Cape Horn, an' I've been in that latitude several times."

He stopped to spit, and then went on:

"The adventure began as it ended, in trouble for me. I was walkin' in the neighborhood o' the Boston docks one night, thinkin' that it was about time I shipped again, for my funds were at a low ebb, when I was suddenly attacked by three men, rough-lookin' chaps they were, an' knocked unconscious by a blow of brass knuckles on my forehead. When I came to, hours afterward, I was lyin' in a fok's'l bunk of a brig, miles outside o' Boston Light. In a word, I had been shanghaied."

The sailor paused again and puffed at his pipe until he brought the tobacco to a red glow.

"It ain't no use o' me wastin' time tellin' you what followed, how mad I was because I had been shipped agin my will, which no sailor likes, an' what kind o' hooker, skipper an' crew I had run foul o'. It's enough to say that the combination was the worst I've ever had the misfortune to berth with, afore or since. This here yarn only concerns Dead Man's Rock, an' the treasure that's hidden there, for I solemnly believe that it's there this minute jest as it was when I seen it."

A treasure story is always interesting, and the two boys waited impatiently for Backstay to proceed.

"The hooker was bound for Buenos Ayres after a cargo of hides, but she had a miscellaneous cargo aboard which was consigned to several firms in Rio de Janeiro," went on the sailor. "That there cargo, however, never reached its destination, which I don't wonder at, seein' as the skipper an' his mates were wuss than that Flyin' Dutchman, which, mayhap, you've heard about, whose ship, they say, has been tryin' in vain to round the Cape o' Good Hope these three hundred years, an' will have to keep on tryin' till the day of Judgment, because he's alleged to have defied the Almighty."

Backstay paused again and looked thoughtfully over the shining surface of the ocean.

"Whether it was the cu-sin' o' the officers brought on the terrible hurricane which sent the bark to the bottom, or because that there gale was due the time we got down 'round the Caribbean, I can't say; certain it is we caught it good an' hard. Them West Injes hurricanes are bad as an Injan Ocean simoon, an' I'll allow there ain't nothin' wuss than I know o' in the way o' a blow than a simoon. A hurricane don't, as a rule, last as long as an ordinary gale, but it makes up for that in other ways. At any rate, the one I'm a-tellin' you about made short work o' our hooker an' everybody aboard, 'cept me. When it was over I found myself ashore on a small island, the only survivor of the disaster. There wasn't even a sign of the bark. She had been pulverized into splinters quicker than ye could whisper Jack Robinson."

"You were lucky to escape," said Jack.

"It was on the afternoon o' the first day, an' I was 'most dead for a drink, the sight o' the salt water 'round the island nearly drivin' me crazy, when I came upon a large, round hole near one end o' the island, fringed about with grass an' lookin' mighty temptin'. I tried to shout with joy, but my tongue was so dry an' cracked I couldn't utter a sound—not a whisper. I didn't know whether it was salt or fresh, an' I was that

crazy that I didn't stop to figger over it. I jest dropped on my hands an' knees, bent over an' lapped the water like a famished animal. I had to bend over to get at it, an', bein' as weak as a cat, I lost my balance an' fell in."

"You did!" said Jack.

"I did. an' that's how I came to find the treasure."

"You don't say!" cried Tom.

"I went down, an' down, swallerin' the water, an' chokin' like a dyin' frog, when somehow, or another I was sucked in through a big hole, an' the next thing I remember I was on the surface, strikin' out despritly for a shelvin' beach o' sand, which I saw before me. I reached it, scrambled up on it, and lay gaspin' like a fish out o' its natural element. When I recovered, which I did in a few minutes, I was astonished to find myself in a kind o' marine cave, lighted dimly in some way that I never found out."

"Gee!" ejaculated Tom, looking at his chum.

"I'll allow I was mighty surprised at the situation I found myself in so unexpected like. The cave had a roof that rose many feet above my head, an' it ran around in a circular direction. At the p'int where the light seemed to come from I noticed three projections, or knobs of rock a-standin' out toward me. At first I didn't pay no attention to them, but afterwards they gave me an idea where I was. I may as well explain, first as last, so I'll tell ye that when I looked the island over after comin' to when I was cast ashore I noticed a great big rock at the end o' it, close to where I found the pool, which bore a remarkable likeness to a human skull. It had the sockets that matched the places where the eyes are, and the triangular hole where the nose goes. The grinnin' mouth, however, was missin', but you could fancy that was lost in the sea."

The boys had seen pictures of many remarkable freaks of nature's handiwork in rocks, and were not inclined to doubt this part of the sailor's narrative.

"After lookin' at them three rocky nobbs, an' rememberin' the position o' the pool, I afterwards came to the conclusion that the stone skull was hollow, an' that I had landed inside of it. I understood this clearer when I remembered that water always finds its level, which ye two, bein' educated, know to be a fact, and so the pool in the skull represented the top of the pool outside, an' as the skull rock was the only elevated piece of ground close to the pool, it naturally followed that I must be in it, otherwise there wouldn't be no room for the cave above the water."

The boys nodded at Backstay's deduction.

"I'll allow I was rather flabbergasted at first, not knowin' how I was goin' to escape from what looked like a trap, but while I was thinkin' the matter over my eyes, growin' used to the gloom, suddenly made out the figger of a skeleton sittin' quite natural-like a few feet away and grinnin' at me as though tickled over my misfortune. It wasn't the first skeleton I'd seen up to that time, an' his looks didn't scare me worth a cent, though I'll allow I was a bit startled at findin' such a companion so close to me in such a place, but as I began to consider how he came there a cold sweat broke out over me. Perhaps he had tumbled in the same way I had, then found it impossible to get out an' had, in consequence, starved to death there. The thought broke me all up an'

I sat an' stared at him in a kind o' terror till I discovered that his feet had been chained to a rock, which prevented him from gettin' out even if a door stood open afore him."

"Who could have chained him in such a place?" asked Tom.

"That's jest what bothered me at first. It was evident he couldn't have fixed himself that way even had he wanted to, which ain't reasonable to s'pose he would," said Backstay. "When I went up to it I found to my astonishment that one of its bony hands was buried in an open brass-bound box, full of gold cain."

The boys uttered involuntary ejaculations.

"It wasn't a big box, but there must have been \$20,000 worth of gold in it, perhaps more. The skeleton was sitting on a similar box, and there was three others, all of the same size an' appearance. That was the treasure, an' how it came to be in that there marine cave, which apparently had no entrance except through the pool, was a mystery that always got me. O' course, somebody put it there, an' it's always been my idea that them that put it in the cave chained their companion there for reasons best known to themselves."

"That was a dandy discovery to make," said Tom, "but I don't see why you never got the treasure away. It would have made you a rich man for life."

"I ain't never had a chance to go back an' hunt for it," replied Backstay.

"How is it you failed to take it away at the time, or at least a part of it?"

"That's the curious part o' my yarn," said the sailor, with a meditative look at the broad Atlantic.

"Let's hear," said Jack.

"After I'd seen all I wanted to o' the cave, an' had handled that gold over an' over ag'in, I began to consider about gettin' out into daylight ag'in, for I was feelin' hungry, an' I wanted to get out anyway."

"I should think you would," said Tom.

"The problem was to get out. I allowed that it was a question o' divin' in the pool, findin' the openin' an' comin' up through the pool outside. It might be easy, an' ag'in it might not. If it was easy for me, it wouldn't be easy to get them boxes of gold out. In fact, I couldn't see how that was goin' to be done. I argued that there must be some other way o' gettin' out an' which had been closed up by the chaps after they had marooned the treasure. I determined I would find out. It happened, however, that I didn't get the chance."

"At any rate, you got out yourself," said Jack.

"If I hadn't I wouldn't be a-talkin' to ye now. My skeleton would be keepin' company with the other one. I got out by divin', an' the first thing I did was to fill up on fruit an' then I took a sleep. I spent most o' the next day investigating the skull stone, which I named Dead Man's Rock, but I couldn't find no entrance that had been closed up. On the fourth day of my stay on the island I dove down into the hole an' reached the treasure cave all right. It seemed very simple for me to do it now that I knowed the ropes. I spent an hour or more tryin' to find another exit from the inside, but I met with no luck. I left the cave intendin' to come back next day, or

mayhap that afternoon. I never seen the inside o' it ag'in."

"How is that?" asked Jack curiously.

"I dunno, unless it was on account o' the clip I got on my head when I rose to the surface o' the pool outside. I came up quickly an' close in to the side. My head hit a projectin' stone an' the blow knocked me silly. I came near drownin' then an' there. How I got out I don't remember, nor do I recollect anythin' more till I found myself lyin' in a bunk aboard a brig that was bound for New York."

"You were found unconscious on the island and rescued," said Jack.

"No, I wasn't. That's the strange part of it. I was told that I was picked up at sea, out of sight of land, clinging' to an empty cask. I had been in a ragin' fever for a week, they told me, an' the brig was enterin' New York harbor when I came to my senses. The next thing I remember was findin' myself in a hospital. I stayed there till I was discharged cured. Then I tried to find the brig which had brought me to the city. It was several days before I found out she had sailed for Hayti. I then tried to interest somebody in a scheme to hunt for the island o' Dead Man's Rock an' recover the treasure, but the only result was that I narrowly escaped bein' put in the crazyhouse as a lunatic. So I kept my secret from that day to this, an' you boys are the first I've breathed it to in thirty years. I dunno whether ye believe my yarn or not, but as I said before, if I was dyin' this minute I'd swear it is the solemn truth I've been a-tellin' ye."

They believed that Backstay was honest in his assertion that he had seen the skull rock, the marine cave, the skeleton and the treasure, but they had a dim suspicion that he had really never been wrecked on the island, but had been rescued on the barrel, to which he had clung when the bark, aboard which he had been shanghaied, went down in the hurricane, and that his brief adventures on the alleged island was the figment of the fever which was the outcome of his experience.

On looking at his watch, Jack found that it was eleven o'clock; he therefore suggested that it was time to turn in for the night. Tom and the sailor agreed with him. They lighted the lantern, entered the cabin, made up three beds in the room, after a fashion, turned in, and were soon asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Change of Weather.

The first thing Jack did in the morning was to visit the foremast lookout with water, crackers and scraps of meat left over from the previous night's supper, which showed that he had a kind spot in his heart for animals, even if they were a couple of chimpanzees whom Tom thought he was a fool for looking after. When he opened the trap the "chims" looked at him in an eager sort of way. They seemed to have recovered much of their animation, and the male uttered a series of uncouth sounds, which might have been intended as an expression of gratitude in the monkey language. The jug he had left them full of water was empty and the crackers had disappeared. Jack laid down the fresh supply and took his leave with the jug.

Backstay cooked a palatable breakfast, the chief feature of which was the coffee, and the boys enjoyed it very much indeed. The weather

was just as fine as it had been the day previous, but there was not a sail in sight. How far out they had drifted on the Atlantic they had no idea, but at the rate they had left Nantucket behind they judged it might be a hundred miles. They spent the morning doing nothing in particular, and several times Jack noticed the heads of the chimpanzees leaning over the wooden fence, looking down at him and his companions. They made no attempt to come down, though they were apparently able to do so if they had felt so disposed.

Jack visited them just before dinner with a liberal supply of food, which Tom thought a great waste of good provisions. He found them quite frisky, and they showed a childish kind of delight in seeing him. There was no doubt whatever that they were harmless, and their actions gave Jack considerable satisfaction. He shook them both by the hands, which made them grin and chatter, and they got so friendly that they sat down on either side of him and started a talk in the monkey language.

"I wonder what Tom would think if he saw me now? I'm afraid he'd have a fit."

Jack had some trouble in parting with his chimpanzee friends. When they found he was determined to go, they decided to follow him, so when the boy appeared at the door of the pantry the "chims" were with him. Tom gave a grunt of disapproval, while Backstay looked at the animals with some curiosity.

"Here, sit down out there," said Jack, forcing the male on his haunches.

The female got down of her own accord. Jack then started to eat his dinner.

"Say, if you're going to have those things around you'd better start right in and teach them to know their places," said Tom.

"I'll make them mind, don't you worry," replied Jack.

As soon as dinner was finished, during which the "chims" had never moved, Jack and Tom started to carry the dishes to the galley to wash them. The "chims" got up and trotted on behind the former, holding up their arms, just like the boys. Backstay burst into a roar of laughter and spilled some of the tobacco with which he was filling his pipe. The boys looked around, and Tom nearly had a fit when he saw the attitude and solemn mien of the monkeys. Jack placed a couple of plates in the "chims'" arms and the procession proceeded.

"They'll make great helpers, don't you think, Tom?" said Jack.

"If they can be induced to wash the dishes they will," replied Tom.

Jack poured hot water into the dish-pan and proceeded to wash one dish. Then he made signs to the male "chim" to try his hand at the work. The monkey got busy right away, and the female wanted to do the same thing.

"Hold on, there!" said Jack, pulling her away. "I'll give you a job."

He wiped the dish he had just washed and then put the towel in the female's hands. She understood what was required, and grabbing a washed dish from the male, proceeded to wipe it, like Jack had done. He took it out of her hands when it looked dry and laid it down, and the female grabbed a second dish and wiped it. Jack

pointed at the other dish and she put the second with it and snatched a third. This performance went on until all the dishes were washed and dried. Then Jack filled their arms with dishes and marched them to the pantry. Tom was tickled to death, particularly when he saw that the chimpanzees followed his chum about everywhere and imitated all his actions. He declared it was as good as a play, but after a time he tired of it, and wanted Jack to get rid of them. That was not easy to do. Jack marched them to the foremast and ordered them to go up to their nest. They obeyed, like a couple of docile children, and after that he saw them both looking down at him.

"I'm afraid those chims are going to prove a nuisance," said Tom. "It's well enough for them to wash and carry dishes, but to have them sitting around, imitating every move you make is going too far. You'll have to lock them up in the forecabin, or dump them overboard."

"Oh, I'll make useful members of society of them," laughed Jack.

"What will you do with them when we're taken off this vessel?" asked Tom.

"Take them along."

"Suppose the skipper of the craft won't have them aboard, what then?"

"He'll take them, I guess. They would fetch a good price from a circus manager or a dealer in animals of that sort."

The afternoon passed like the preceding one. They saw several sails, but they were too far away to be signaled. When supper was ready, Jack whistled the chimpanzees down, and they showed great delight in being near him again. He seated them outside the pantry and handed them each a plate of food and a cup of water. At the end of the meal the plates and cups and saucers were placed in their arms and they were marched to the galley, where they washed and dried them as before and carried them back to the pantry. Jack then ordered them aloft again, and they went.

"They obey you all right," said Tom.

"I guess they can tell by my face that I mean what I say," replied Jack.

The evening was passed listening to divers other adventures that Backstay had encountered in the course of his maritime experience. Several days elapsed and the party was as far from rescue as ever. A steamer passed several miles away and the boys tried to signal her, but their efforts failed to attract attention, and the vessel went on its way, disappearing at last in the distance. During that interval Jack devoted considerable time to instructing the chimpanzees. Their unusual aptitude, and from many things they did, Jack suspected that they had been in captivity some time, and had been taught many tricks. They furnished a lot of amusement, and Tom ceased to find their presence a nuisance. The morning of the fifth day of their involuntary cruise broke dull and threatening.

"Do you think there's going to be a storm?" Tom anxiously asked Backstay.

The old sailor allowed that it looked kind of like it.

"If it comes, the only thing we kin do in this tub is to try an' keep afore the wind," he said.

They had found that the rudder was not out of order, the cause of its swinging from side to side being the looseness of the chains, which

Backstay corrected. The vessel had since been kept head to the wind by lashing the wheel in the proper position. Heretofore the craft had rested as firm as a rock on the water on account of the comparatively smooth sea; now she rocked a little, but not as much as an ordinary craft under the same circumstances by reason of her uncommon breadth of beam. The light action of the waves alone did not affect her, it was the long, undulating sweep of the ocean, a precursor of what was to come, that made her rock.

As the morning advanced the sweep of the sea increased in intensity and the derelict responded to it. The wind was blowing strong, but was what sailors would term a fine, rattling breeze—one that would fill all the sails of a ship and send her forward at a fine, spanking pace. The iron hull had nothing aloft to steady her, and Backstay opined that she would roll a good deal worse as time went on. By keeping the craft dead in the wind's eye, this roll was much reduced. Jack set the chimpanzees at work cleaning up the cabin and staterooms. They had already cleared the deck so that it looked somewhat shipshape. After dinner darker clouds were seen rising to the northward, and the sailor announced that the least they might expect was a stiff gale.

"Do you think we'll come out of it all right?" asked Tom.

"I kalkilate we can stand a pretty stiff blow, my hearty," replied Backstay. "We may ship quite a bit of water as we lie pretty low, but I reckon the old hooker is stanch enough in the hull. We'll have to close up the entrance to the engine-room to keep the water out, an' with both cabin doors shut we'll be taut enough, I guess. I ain't had no experience 'board steamers, an' even if I had, it wouldn't amount to nothin' on this here derelict, which, 'ceptin' for her rudder, is little better than a Noah's ark, an' must go where wind an' tide carry her. However, there's one consolation—we're far out on the Atlantic, an' not likely to run ag'in a lee shore, though we might run smack ag'in some vessel or steamer after dark."

The wind increased with the passage of time, and the dark clouds rose higher and higher in the gloomy firmament. By five o'clock the sea had taken on an angry look and everything pointed to a rough night. They had an early supper, and Backstay cooked a couple of pots of coffee, one of which he drained off the dregs, as he said it might not be convenient to start a fire in the galley in the morning.

"As for grub," he said, "there's plenty o' canned stuff to last us if we had to stay under hatches a month, so we needn't fear goin' on short commons."

It got dark unusually early and the chimpanzees were not sent aloft to their nest, but quartered in the cabin. Everything had been made as snug as possible, under Backstay's directions, and so there was nothing to do but let matters take their course. The sailor donned a waterproof found in one of the staterooms and went on deck to watch, for the wind was liable to change at any moment, and it would be necessary to meet it by altering the position of the rudder. Left to themselves, the boys talked over the peril of their situation, afloat on the broad Atlantic in a derelict, and wondered how this adventure of theirs

would end. The cabin looked dim and ghostly in the light of the swinging lantern, and the figures of the sleeping "chims" looked rather weird over in the corner, lying close together with their hairy arms around one another in a very affectionate way.

"Our folks will wonder why they have received but one letter from us in a week," said Jack.

"They'll think we are having such a good time at Nantucket that we have neglected to write," replied Tom.

"They may have learned about our unaccountable disappearance from the island with Backstay."

"I hardly think so. At any rate, I hope not, for the news would make them mighty anxious and worried."

"It certainly would. My mother and sisters would have a fit."

"Unless we're picked up soon and carried back to some port from which we can send them word that we're all right, they're bound to learn that something unusual has happened to us. My father will be sure to go down to Nantucket to investigate, and what he will learn will not make him feel any better."

The howling of the gale and the lashing of the sea made the boys decidedly nervous in their strange situation, but there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. Finally they fell asleep. Up on deck crouched the sailor with his eyes on the angry whitecaps that were chasing the derelict, but never quite reached her.

Suddenly out of the darkness tore the towering bows of a steamer. She shot past, astern, so close that Backstay could have tossed a biscuit on her deck. There being no light displayed on the derelict, the lookout did not see the obstruction almost in the steamer's path. The officer standing on the end of the bridge made out the dark blot of her hull as they swept past, and sung out a warning. The hulk rolled heavily in the steamer's wash, and the boys were tumbled about on the cabin floor and woke up. Jack opened the door of the companion-way and rushed up. He bumped against the sailor.

"We've just had a narrer escape, my hearty," said Backstay.

"How?" asked Jack.

The sailor told him that a steamer had barely missed the stern of the derelict in passing.

"That's the risk we are runnin' by havin' no lights aloft," he said.

"And if she had hit us we'd have gone down?" said Jack.

"I'll allow we'd have been under the briny by this time."

"That's fierce. The storm seems to be worse."

"It is wuss, an' it's likely to keep on gettin' wuss till it blows over."

"How long do you think it's likely to last?"

"I couldn't tell you no better'n a nussin' infant. It may last all day to-morrow, an' it may hang on for two or three days. There's no tellin' nothin' about it."

This was cheerful intelligence for Jack. And also for Tom, who had crept up behind him and heard what the sailor said. The wind blew with great force in their faces, sheltered as they were by the sides of the companion-way, and they shuddered as they heard the uproar made by the gale all around. And now the rain, which had

held off, came on and drove them back into the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.—Ashore in the Tropics.

Contrary to Backstay's expectation, the gale blew itself out toward morning, leaving a heavy sea in its wake, which made the boys very seasick. They had no appetite for any food, and they paid little attention to the sailor when he told him that the storm was practically over, and that he looked to see the sun in an hour or two. Jack and Tom were miserable objects all that day, but they got better toward evening. The ocean was still pretty rough, but the sky was clear and portended another spell of fine weather. The boys were all right in the morning, and responded to the breakfast call. The sea had gone down and was rolling merrily along under a slight breeze. So passed the next six days, by which time they had been two weeks on the derelict. They were due at their stores in Boston three days before, consequently their disappearance from Nantucket was known to their families. They knew that their people were in a terrible state of anxious worry over them, but they could not help it any more than they could help themselves. The sun was hotter nowadays, from which circumstance the sailor said they had drifted many hundreds of miles to the southward as well as to the east. He allowed that if they were not rescued soon they would drift into the tropics, where they were liable to go ashore on one of the islands or sand keys of the Bahama group, a chain of islands which stretched in a northwest direction from the neighborhood of the north coast of Hayti to that of the east coast of Florida. The islands, about 500 in number, dot a continuous distance of nearly 600 miles.

"It was on one o' them islands I was washed ashore when the bark foundered I told you about," said Backstay.

"The island you called Dead Man's Rock Island?" said Tom.

The sailor nodded. The boys having decided in their minds that skull rock and the marine cave, with the skeleton and the treasure, existed only in the old man's imagination, did not follow up the subject. Neither did Backstay. They saw very few sails during those six days, and only an occasional blur of smoke along the horizon, which indicated a steam craft.

"I wonder how much longer this trip is going to last?" said Tom, as he watched Jack teaching the chimpanzees a new bit of business.

"You've got me," replied his chum. "If we fetch up on an island we'll be no better off; probably worse."

"I hope we won't lose our jobs through this."

"I don't think there is any danger of that, for we're not staying away of our own accord."

"Say, we've never been in the hold, forward of the engine-room," said Tom. "I would like to see what is down there."

"Cargo, I should imagine."

"I don't see what kind of cargo would be sent afloat in this old ark."

"Neither do I, and I am not particularly curious on the subject."

The hatchway leading to the forward hold was closed tight when they came on board, and it

would take more than the united strength of the three involuntary passengers to remove it. That was the reason they had not investigated that part of the vessel. After dinner that day they took the lantern and thoroughly explored the forecabin. They found bones, patches of dry and crumpled hairy skin and the skull of several small monkeys.

"There surely was a small menagerie on board of this craft," said Tom. "I'll bet the gorilla feasted off these poor monkeys."

"If he did it is a miracle he did not do up the chimpanzees," said Jack.

"Maybe he felt so sure of them that he left them for the last."

"Or he did not suspect they had taken refuge up the foremast watch-tower."

"Hello! Here's an opening into the hold, with an iron ladder. Shall we venture down?" asked Tom.

"Yes; give me the lantern and I'll go first. Better go and get that revolver. I hardly think there's anything alive down there now. Whew! It smells like a circus menagerie on a hot day. The animals were probably kept down there before they escaped."

Tom went and got the revolver, and then followed Jack down the ladder. The animal smell was awfully strong down there and the boys hurried their investigations. They found a double row of cages, every one empty. Those that were whole and locked showed that they had contained occupants that had evidently been removed. From the appearance of two of the cages the boys judged they had held birds.

"This steamer was carrying a cargo of birds and animals for some show, or to some dealer," said Jack, and the fact seemed too clear to admit of dispute.

There was a rough bulkhead erected between the menagerie quarters and the rest of the hold. Presumably it divided off the space allotted to merchandise of some kind. The boys were glad to get out of the hold and its stench, and when they reached the deck they breathed the sea air with great relish. They gave Backstay an account of what they had seen, and he allowed that the craft was some queer foreign hooker engaged in the animal trade, which had ventured a special trip to the American coast.

"The steamer must have got homesick, and after gettin' rid of her officers and crew, started back to her old stamping-grounds on her own hook," grinned Tom.

As it was getting on to supper-time, the chimpanzees were called and given a pan of potatoes apiece to peel, which they had learned to do first-class. The days continued to reel off the calendar, each growing warmer than its predecessor, which convinced the sea wanderers that they were drawing near the tropics. Toward the end of their third week on the derelict they ran into another gale. It developed into a small hurricane, and for twenty-four hours all hands were fearful that their finish was in sight. It began to decrease about midnight, and after that the wind dropped fast. The sea continued to run very heavy, but as the vessel met it well the alarm of the boys gradually decreased. They looked for another spell of fine weather after this heavy blow, and turned in for a rest.

All hands, including the chimpanzees, were

asleep when the gray of dawn broke. Their cruise was practically over, though they had no suspicion of the fact. Right in the derelict's path lay a long narrow island, mostly low and thickly covered with tropical trees and vegetation. At the extreme eastern end stood a curious-shaped rock, the outlines of which were not very clear in the semi darkness. A hundred feet or more from it rose another huge rock, much higher than the other, the base of which extended from side to side of the island. In shape it was something like a circus clown's hat, and had a great rift cut in its side.

The derelict was approaching the opposite and wider end of the island, and as morning broke with tropical suddenness, it was dashed bow on upon the smooth, hard, shelving beach, burying its forefoot deep in the sand between two giant cocoanut trees whose leafy tops half-concealed several clusters of the round nutty fruit. The shock the vessel received was no gentle one, and it awoke the sailor and the boys, and the chimpanzees as well. The sudden cessation of all motion, to which they had been accustomed for the past three weeks, told the trio that they had gone on shore somewhere, and they hastily dashed up the companionway, followed by the animals.

One glance was enough to assure them that the steamer was, for the present at least, hard and fast on an island.

"I suppose we've hit one of those islands you spoke about, Bob?" said Jack.

"That's what we have, my hearty," as he gazed around.

Suddenly his jaw dropped and his eyes became fixed, as if he saw a staggering sight.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack, noticing Backstay's strange attitude.

"Matter!" he ejaculated. "If this here don't beat anythin' I ever heard of."

"What beats anything you ever heard of?" asked Jack.

"Why, this here is the identical island I went ashore on that time."

"This is!" cried Jack, in astonishment.

"Yes, this is the island where that there treasure is."

The boys looked at Backstay as if they thought he had gone crazy.

"It's thirty years since I saw that there tall rock yonder, an' yet I remember it as if I'd seen it yesterday. Beyond it, on the p'int, is Dead Man's Rock, as you shall see after we get ashore. And between the two is the pool of fresh water I fell into an' then fetched up in a marine cave where the skeleton an' the gold is," said the sailor, in a tone so full of conviction that the boys began to wonder if the tale of the treasure of Dead Man's Rock wasn't true, after all.

CHAPTER X.—Dead Man's Rock.

"If you think that's so, we can't get ashore too quick to prove the truth of your statement," said Tom, in some excitement.

"There ain't no need o' rushin' things, my hearty," said the sailor. "This here is the island, all right, an' afore ye are many hours older I'll prove that the gold is still where I saw it by divin' down into that pool an' fetchin' ye a handful o' the stuff."

"But it's thirty years since you were here,"

said Tom. "During that time the treasure may have been found and taken away."

"I don't believe it has," said Backstay. "Who would suspect there was anythin' valuable in the bowels of skull rock? Nobody to look into that pool would think it was the door to a considerable treasure. Shipmates, we've hit luck square in the bull's-eye. We'll get that gold out'r that cave somehow an' divide it equally between us. Then we'll wait for some craft to come along an' rescue us. After we get hold o' that treasure ye won't need to care whether school keeps or not. When I get my share to Nantucket I'll bank it an' live on the interest of it for the rest o' my life, an' when I die, seein' as I hain't got no relatives in the world, I'll leave it to you chaps, half an' half apiece."

The old sailor spoke so confidently that the boys felt as if the treasure of Dead Man's Rock was almost within their reach. Not having had a warm meal in thirty hours, the sailor set about getting breakfast, with Tom's help. The female chimpanzee had been taught to set three plates, with cups and saucers, knives, forks and spoons. At the start the male had tried to imitate her, but she had pushed him away, jabbering something at him, for she had evidently taken a fancy to the job and didn't want her partner to butt in.

It was noticed that she bossed the male about like some women do their husbands, and he accepted her authority without dispute. After the table was laid, Jack went up a cocoanut tree, got some nuts and carried them aboard. From the deck Jack saw a grove of bananas, ripening in the sun. He dropped a rope over the side and slid down to the shore. The male chimpanzee made no attempt to follow till the boy called on him and then he slid down like a flash. The female came after him without orders. She evidently wanted to know where her spouse was going.

Jack led the way to the banana grove, the animals making no attempt to escape. He easily reached a bunch of the fruit that was ripening from the top, cut it down and gave it to the chimps to carry it to the vessel. He tied the rope to the end of it and, climbing up, passed it on a branch. Then he flung the rope back for the convenience of the "chims." The boys enjoyed an uncommonly fine breakfast that morning, beginning with a couple of bananas apiece. The fruit had a fine flavor, much better than the bananas they had often bought in Boston.

"I tell you, we're living high if we are castaways on an uninhabited island, like Robinson Crusoe. Instead of a man Friday, we have a couple of educated chimpanzees, who pull off all the heavy work for us. What a varn we'll have to tell when we reach home!" said Tom.

"Especially if we back it up with our share of that treasure," said Jack.

"We don't need to worry about our jobs, then. Say, it seems too good to be true that we've hit luck on the island that we thought was only an old man's story, don't it?" said Tom.

"It does seem so, but if the last thing that Backstay remembered when he was on this island was coming to the surface of the pool after getting a shower-bath, and that the last thing he saw was that the treasure was in the pool, then the treasure is in the pool. That's the only possibility that I can see."

"It gets mine, too. Gee! but I'm anxious to see Dead Man's Rock. I really won't believe this is the island till I gaze on it."

"As soon as we get the things washed up we must start for that end of the island and take a look at it. We haven't anything better to do, anyway."

The derelict had been driven hard and fast on shore, and there was little danger that it would slip its moorings for the present—probably not until the next storm came on. In half an hour the boys were ready to start for a tour of the island, their objective point being Dead Man's Rock. Backstay called their attention to the fact that the tide was high.

"We can't get around that conical rock until the beach is uncovered," he said. "That won't happen for an hour or two. I'd have found that there pool sooner if I hadn't been cut off from it for three or four hours by the tide. If ye want to stretch your legs ashore there ain't no reason why ye shouldn't, but ye'll have to do your walk-in' around this end o' the island."

The boys concluded not to do any tramping until they could get around the rock, and so all hands remained on board and watched the tide go out. As there was a heavy surf on the windward side, which was caused by the late storm, and a swell on the leeward side, they found it necessary to wait longer than they had counted on. Finally it was decided to wait till after dinner, which was intended to be chiefly a meal of fruit, for it really was too hot to eat meat at mid-day. The tide was out when they finally made their start. They took the rifles and the revolver with them on general principles, not because they had any expectations of running up against an enemy.

The chimpanzees went along, of course, for they didn't want to be left behind. They walked behind Jack, whom they recognized as their master, though they were quite friendly with Tom and Backstay. They both carried sticks over their shoulders, in imitation of Jack with his rifle, and when he changed it from one shoulder to the other, or carried it trailing with one hand, they imitated him exactly with the sticks. Thus the little party filed along the shore, keeping to the leeward side of the island. Before they reached the conical rock they found it advisable to walk the perimeter of a plantation grove to come off. These trees attained a height of from fifteen to twenty feet. As the leaves were large, they made a fine shade, particularly where close together. The boys had never seen this tree before, and observing that it bore an oblong kind of fruit, Jack asked Backstay if it was good to eat.

"I calkilate it is, my hearty," replied the sailor. "I reckon we've heard of bread fruit, ain't ye?"

"Sure," replied Jack.

"This is the identical article. It can be eaten raw if ye have to, but I don't think ye'd care for it that way. Boiled, roasted, baked or fried is the way it's usually served up. I like it best fried in slices with butter, and powdered over with sugar. Plantains are also first-class when baked in their skins. On our way back we'll gather some and I'll cook 'em the best I kin for supper," said Backstay.

As soon as they had cooled off they started

ahead again and soon came to the base of the conical rock.

"In about a minute ye'll catch sight of skull rock, my hearties, an' then I reckon ye'll believe that yarn I told ye the first night we were afloat," said the old sailor.

It was with eager anticipation that they skirted the rock that looked like a circus clown's hat. In a few moments they came in sight of skull rock. Its resemblance to a human skull was decidedly startling. It was all of twenty feet high and proportionately broad, and it looked like the relic of some fearful giant who had departed life in that vicinity, and whose headpiece had been placed upon the end of the island.

"You made no mistake, Bob, when you called that Dead Man's Rock," said Jack.

CHAPTER XI.—The Treasure of the Rock.

"I called it that not because it looks like a skull, but on account of the skeleton that's chained inside of it," said the sailor.

"Skull rock is the better name for it," said Tom.

"There's the pool," said Backstay.

The boys looked and saw the pool the sailor had described so exactly on the night he told his yarn, hundreds of miles to the northward of that spot.

"Jest think that it's thirty years since I took my header down into that pool," he said. "I was a young fellow then, not much over thirty, an' now I'm gray-headed. I wonder if the skeleton will recognize me when I visit him ag'in?" he added, with a chuckle.

"I should think you'd be afraid to take the chances of going down there now," said Jack.

"Me afraid!" ejaculated the sailor. "Why should I be when I know the road?"

"But you aren't as young and active as you were when you went down there thirty years ago."

"Bless your heart, I ain't no chicken, if I am over sixty."

He seemed eager to make the attempt.

"When I went down afore I had my clothes on, but I dunno but I'll get along better without 'em," he said.

He kicked off his shoes, unstrapped his wooden leg and quickly discarded the few articles he had on.

"I'll fetch back a few pieces of the gold," he said.

Then he dived straight down into the pool. The moments passed and he did not reappear.

"He's reached the cave," said Jack, "else he would have come up by this time."

"My! to think that yarn of his, which we thought was all moonshine, should turn out to be really true," said Tom.

"That isn't half as remarkable as to realize that we have come ashore on the very island itself, when there are so many others in this neighborhood that we might have been wrecked on. Seems like the working of fate, doesn't it?"

"It surely does. If the treasure is in the cave yet the problem will be to get it out, and if we accomplish that, the next thing will be to get it and ourselves off the island and back home," said Tom.

The chimpanzees had watched Backstay dive into the pool, probably with a good deal of mon-

key curiosity, and the boys noticed that they kept their eyes fastened intently upon the surface, evidently looking for the sailor to reappear. Ten minutes passed away and then Backstay came up. He tossed a handful of gold coin toward the boys, and then with one stroke reached the margin of the pool and pulled himself out. Jack and Tom eagerly picked up the money and looked at it. It consisted of French and Spanish coins of an old date, the early part of the nineteenth century. As the boys examined them there was no longer any doubt in their minds about the existence of the treasure.

"Well, my hearties, the treasure is down there just as I seen it last, an' the skeleton hasn't changed a bit," said Backstay. "I hope ye are convinced now."

"We are," said Jack. "How far down is the opening in the pool that leads into the cave?"

"Above six or seven feet."

"And the hole is over there, I suppose?"

"Yes, right in line with the back part of the rock."

"A watery tunnel runs between the pool and the cave, I judge?"

"Yes, but it's not very long."

"I should like to go down and see the cave, but I would not care to take the risk alone, for I might not be able to find my way out easily," said Jack.

"Get out of your clothes if ye kin swim an' I'll pilot ye into the cave."

Jack was an excellent swimmer and diver and he proceeded to doff his garments. Then it was noticed that the chimpanzees began to show signs of excitement. Backstay dived, and a moment after Jack followed him. As the water closed over his feet the "chims" hopped to the edge of the pool and looked into the water with every sign of anxiety. They chattered to each other, felt of the water and took some up in their paws and tasted it. Then they made a rush for the shore and tasted the water of the sea. They spat it out and dashed back again. They were satisfied now that the pool had no connection with the ocean. They kept their eyes on the surface, as they had done when the sailor went down first, and remained quiet.

In the meanwhile, Jack felt himself grabbed by the arm and pushed into the watery tunnel. He struck out, and presently came to the surface and found himself in the cave. Backstay emerged and told him to wade ashore. In a moment or two both of them stood on the dry sand. The cave was dimly lighted in some unexplained way, and as soon as their eyes became accustomed to the gloom they could see quite clearly. Although Jack expected to see the skeleton, the first sight of it gave him something of a shock. There were still some rotten shreds of cloth clinging to the bony limbs. That it had been there a great many years was self-evident. Its grinning skull looked horribly grotesque, and Jack could not repress a shudder as he viewed it. Beside it stood the open box of gold coins and as Backstay had narrated, it sat upon another, while three others were close by.

"There's a fortune in money here," said Jack.

"How much do ye calculate it amounts to?" asked the sailor.

"I couldn't sav. I should imagine if all the

boxes hold as much as the open one that there's easily \$200,000 worth," replied Jack.

"That's about \$75,000 apiece. I'll allow that we ought to be satisfied with that much."

"How are we going to get it out of here?"

"I've been thinkin' that we might rig a rope to the boxes, in turn, an' run the rope through the tunnel an' up the pool. By draggin' an' pushin' 'em we might get 'em out," said Backstay.

"No, it can't be done that way without we had a windlass, and I don't know where such a thing is to come from," replied the boy. "A better way would be to make a hole in the rock large enough to drag them out through. As we may be marooned on this island some time, we might be able to do that. Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of treasure is worth making a great effort for."

"I'm afeared we couldn't put a hole through that rock in a hundred years with such implements as we have to work with. What we need for that is a good hand-drill, such as they use in stone quarries, an' o' course we ain't got such a thing," said Backstay.

"Then I'll tell you how we'll get around the matter," said Jack, wondering that he hadn't thought of it at first. "We'll adopt your suggestion of dragging it through the tunnel and up the pool, but in light sections. We'll make a couple or more bags that will hold a few pounds of the gold. Then we'll get a long line from the vessel, double the length of the distance from these boxes to the space around the pool. You or I will come down here and bring one end of the line with us. We will draw half of it in here, or as far as it will go after the other end has been made fast to a stake outside. We will fill two or three bags with the coin, tie their mouths tight and then tie the bags securely to the line. When all is ready we will give the line a tug or two, as a signal to those outside, and they will draw the line and the bags out through the tunnel and up through the pool, thus landing the gold outside. When the gold has been emptied we will draw the bags back down here again and repeat the operation. This plan will take time, several days probably, but what are several days when we are likely to have to stay here several weeks? It is sure, simple and easy, don't you think so?"

Backstay thought it was a fine scheme, and said they would carry it out at once, beginning early next morning.

"After we have emptied the open box we will send the box up to put the gold back in," said Jack. "It has handles on the ends, and it will be easy to make it fast to the line. Of course, it will be necessary to break open the tops of the other boxes, so as to get at their contents, which will probably not be an easy job. It will have to be done, though. Either of us could work at it from the start, while the other is sending up the gold, and so save time on the job."

The sailor nodded. Jack then started to make a thorough examination of the cave. In a dark corner he found a pile of rotten canvas. Pulling it aside, he found a handsome casket under it which was fairly heavy. The small gilt key was in it. He tried to turn it, but couldn't make it move, and desisted, feeling sure that the application of too much force would only result in breaking the key off in the lock. He judged that it contained something of considerable value;

jewels probably. He showed it to the sailor, and decided that it should be the first thing sent up when they got to work.

A pair of rusty cutlasses and an old-fashioned pistol, such as were in use in the early part of the nineteenth century, were lying on the sand in another corner. Jack also found a tinder-box, with tinder, flint and steel, all complete. This he regarded as quite a curiosity; with respect to the cave he told Backstay that he was ready to return to the surface of the island again whenever he was.

"Do ye see that light-colored stone across the pool," said the sailor, pointing.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"The tunnel is directly under it, so you can't mistake your way in getting out. You'd better go first. You can wade out almost to the mouth of the tunnel. Dive into it and swim out. By feeling with your hand you can tell when you have reached the pool, then a push of the leg will send you to the surface, or you would rise, anyway," said Backstay.

Jack waded out to his neck and then dived and swam forward. Two or three strokes carried him to the pool, and in another moment his head rose above the surface and confronted the staring eyes of the two chimpanzees.

CHAPTER XII.—Securing the Treasure.

The animals testified the most exuberant delight when he crawled out of the pool.

"Well, I suppose you saw the cave, the skeleton and the treasure?" said Tom, as Jack started to put on his clothes.

"I did," he replied.

"That's where you have the bulge on me. I can't swim good enough to undertake that feat."

Jack described his sensations while passing through the short tunnel, and all that he saw when he reached the cave. The sailor was dressed before he was, and then the party started back to the vessel. On the way they paused at the plantain grove and gathered a supply of breadfruit. The tide was just on the turn, and the beach to the leeward was fully exposed. The surf was still beating on the windward side of the island, but not as heavily as when they started out.

By next morning there would be no surf at all from present indications. Jack told Tom about his proposed plan to bring the money out of the marine cavern, and his chum agreed that the idea was a first-class one. On reaching the vessel they lost no time in hunting up a suitable line, long and strong enough for the operation. They found one three or four times as long as Jack thought necessary, but that didn't matter. Several knots were tied at equal distances apart, near the center, and around them were secured lengths of tough, thin line, suitable for securing a ten-pound bag. A sailor's sewing-kit was found in the carpenter's chest, and with this Backstay proceeded to make half a dozen stout canvas bags of small size. Jack pulled a cold-chisel and a hammer out of the chest, to be used for breaking the locks of the four closed treasure boxes. By the time all their preparations were made it was time to get supper ready. This disposed of, they

sat down on the inclined deck, for the bow, being well up on the beach, was higher than the stern, and spent an hour or two talking about their arrangements for the next day. When they turned out next morning they found the tide on the ebb and hurried through with a light breakfast. Giving the rope to the chimpanzees to carry, the party set out for the pool close to skull rock. Backstay dived down into the marine cave, first, carrying with him one end of the long rope.

The boys in the meantime fastened to the pieces of line a wooden stake, similar to one they had driven into the ground, and tied the other end of the rope to the hammer, the cold-chisel and the bags. When the sailor gave the line a tug, as a signal that he was ready to pull in, Jack answered it and all the articles mentioned disappeared into the pool with the slack of the rope. Jack then disrobed, dived and presently came up in the cave. Backstay had already driven the stake and tied his end of the rope. While Jack filled the bags with gold, tied them at the mouth and secured them to the rope, the sailor began operations on the cover of one of the treasure boxes. Jack signaled Tom, who immediately drew up four of the gold-filled bags, and emptied their contents on a piece of canvas brought for the purpose.

The work went on steadily all morning, and by noon the entire contents of the first box had been removed to the outside of the island. Jack also sent up the casket and the tinder-box. Operations were then suspended. Tom declared that the gold sent up amounted to \$50,000 at the very least, and he pointed to the pile on the canvas. The tide was up and they couldn't get around the base of conical rock. This didn't matter, however, as they had taken the precaution to bring a supply of fruit, crackers and cold coffee with them, in expectation that they might be cut off. The chimpanzees had been no small factor in the raising of the gold. They practically did all of it, for that was the only way Tom could keep them from diving into the gold coins, which attracted them greatly. Tom told Jack of the trouble he had had with them, to make them keep their hands off.

"The beggars wanted to annex it as fast as I turned it out of the bags," he said. "What they see about it I can't imagine, but if they knew every coin was worth \$10, as it seems to be, they wouldn't have made a greedier bid for it."

Jack then scolded the chimpanzees, pointing to the gold and shaking his head. They seemed to understand him, and looked quite humiliated at his calling down. As Backstay had failed to get the cover off the next box, no further work was done that afternoon in the hauling line. The sailor went down and resumed his work on the chest, while Jack remained with Tom. The first thing Backstay did was to send up the empty chest which, filled with water, proved no catch. They got it up and dumped the gold back into it, then they dragged it into the bushes to remove it from the sight of the chimpanzees. At length Tom came up and announced that he had got the second box open, and that it was filled with money in small bags, closely packed. As it was getting on to sundown and the tide was out in, they returned to the vessel for supper. Jack took the casket and the tinder-box with him. He found a can of oil in the carpenter's

chest, and used some of it to lubricate the lock of the casket. As it didn't seem to have any immediate effect, he left it to soak in the oil all night.

Next morning work was resumed and they got out another boxful of the gold. With the view of transporting the gold to the vessel, they had brought along five large bags, which Backstay had manufactured the previous evening. These were loaded in equal proportion with the treasure-bags they got out that day, and with the chimpanzees carrying their share they carried it to the other end of the island. They didn't take it aboard the derelict, but dumped it in a pile in the center of the banana grove. Here they brought the rest at the end of each day's work, until the entire treasure, with the exception of the first box of loose gold, was there.

"We'll fetch that box in the morning," said Jack, looking with much satisfaction at the pile of bags which formed quite a pyramid. "And then we'll get the empty boxes over and nail the treasure up in them."

"After that we'll be ready to be taken off whenever a craft comes near enough for us to signal her," said Tom.

"Of course. We've been over a month from home now, nearly five weeks, in fact. I'm afraid we have been given up as lost, boys. Somebody else is holding down each of our jobs now."

"What do we care? We're young Monte Cristos. Our shares of this money will set us up in some kind of business and we will be our own bosses. We'll buy homes for our people so that we can live rent free, and in good style, too. I tell you, we fell into oceans of luck by going down to Nantucket to pass our vacation."

"It isn't a good plan to shout before you're out of the woods," said Jack. "We may have to stay on this island a long time yet. We haven't seen a sail, except at a considerable distance, since we came here."

Hardly had Jack spoken when from behind the conical rock a small sloop yacht shot into view, close in to the island. A negro boy was seated at the helm, steering her. When he saw the stranded derelict he made straight for her.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Unwelcome Visitors.

Jack and Tom saw the boat at the same moment and jumped on their feet, with exclamations of surprise.

"Run and tell Bob, while I signal the craft before the chap aboard of her takes it into his head to sheer off," said Jack.

Tom started off while Jack went to the aft rail and waved his hand at the approaching craft. She ran close up and the young negro threw her up into the wind.

"Hello, boss! Am you wrecked on dis island?" asked the dark-skinned stranger.

"That's what we are. There are three of us here—another boy like myself and a sailor—all Americans. We'd like to make arrangements with the man who runs that sloop to take us off. We will pay him well for the service," said Jack.

"I'se de one dat's runnin' dis sloop," replied the negro.

"Do you mean to say that you are the only one aboard?"

"I'se de only one, boss."

"Can we hire you to take us to the nearest port where we can get passage to the States? We'll give \$100 or more if that isn't enough."

"A hundred dollahs! Dat's a lot a-money. I ain't nebber seen a hundred dollahs in all mah life," said the young negro, eagerly.

"You'll see it, and own it, if you will give us a passage."

"An' you'll give me a hundred dollah ef I took yo' off dat island?"

"Yes."

"Shore dat yo' dat much money wif yo'?"

Jack pulled out a handful of the gold and showed it to the boy.

"Golly! it's a bargain. I'll throw yo' mah line an' yo' kin make it fast. Den I'll come aboard an' talk to yo'."

He let the sail down with a run, ran forward, picked up the bow-line and tossed it up to Jack, who made it fast to the rail, after pulling the sloop close in under the stern. Then he reached down and helped the black boy aboard. Tom now came forward, while Backstay stood looking out at the galley door.

"You've just come in time to take supper with us," said Jack.

The ducky showed his ivories in a broad grin.

"Golly! dat'll suit me fust-rate. I ain't got nothin' much to eat on dat boat. Yo' will have to fotch some pervisions 'long wid yo', or I reckon dat we doan' eat," he said.

"What's your name?"

"Mah name is Sam."

"How came you out alone in that boat?"

"I done run away from a plantation whar I's been workin'."

"You did, eh? Well, that's nothing to us. I suppose the boat belongs to the owner of the plantation?"

"I 'spects yo' is right, boss, but I'se gwine to send it back to him when I gets to the place I'se bound fo'."

"Well, come along. Supper is about ready. After we've eaten we'll make our deal with you."

As they started for the galley, out of the cabin passake marched the two chimpanzees.

"Fo' goodness' sake, what's dat?" gasped Sam, stopping short and staring at the two animals.

"Only a couple of big monkeys," said Jack. "You needn't be afraid of them."

"Golly, dem am de biggest monkeys I'se eber seen in mah life."

"They're chimpanzees."

"What dat? Chim who?"

"Chimpanzees," repeated Jack. "They're very tame."

"I neber seen monkeys carryin' dishes befo'."

"They do a lot of work for us."

"Is dat a fac'? What yo' gwine to do wif dem when yo' leab heah?"

"Take them with us."

"Golly, dat boat will be kinder full."

"We've got some boxes to carry away, too. They're pretty heavy, but your boat looks big enough to carry considerable."

"Yo' give me a hundred dollahs an' yo' kin carry as much as she'll hold."

"I think we'll do better with you. We'll give you another hundred to carry the boxes, and fifty on top of that for the chimpanzees—that's \$250 altogether. That's a fair deal, isn't it?"

"Gosh! I'se struck luck suah."

Sam was introduced to Backstay, and soon afterward they had supper. The young negro ate as if he was half-starved. Later on he told how he came to run away. He had been treated so badly by the owner of the plantation and his overseers that he couldn't stand it any longer, so he stole the boat the night before and ran away in her. He had put in at the island to get something to eat in the way of fruit, not supposing that he would find any one there.

Jack told him how they came to be ashore there, and he listened to the story in great astonishment. All he was afraid of, he said, was that the owner of the plantation might chase him in another boat. A bed was made up for Sam and he turned in with the rest. Next morning, after breakfast, they took the ducky with them when they went for the last box of the treasure.

Sam had no objection to remaining on the island as long as the party wanted him to, for he felt quite safe from pursuit in that out-of-the-way spot. He explained that he was born in South Carolina and had gone to Cat Island with several other negroes to work on a banana plantation. The work, and the conditions he found himself up against, had palled upon him, and he had made an attempt to run away. He was caught, brought back and flogged. After that he was worked much harder and closely watched. He made another attempt to escape and was flogged again and locked up in a hut, tied to a post. He succeeded in freeing himself during the night, getting out of the hut and sneaking aboard the sloop which lay near the wharf in the river, from which the product of the plantation was shipped to the United States. Having had considerable experience with small sailboats in the harbor of Charleston, in his native State, he found no difficulty in working the craft down the river and out to sea. His ignorance of his whereabouts after he got out of sight of land nearly ended in his finish. He was down to his last biscuit when he sighted Dead Man's Rock Island, and he headed in for it, hoping to find something to eat and drink there.

"Golly! I fell on mah feet when I come here," he said, as they walked toward skull rock. "I'd hab been a gone coon suah ef I hadn't run across dis heah island. Now I'se willin' to help yo' get yo'r gold an' yo'rselves off, but I doan' reckon dat I kin fotch up at any pertic'lar place, fo' I doan' know nuffin' 'bout whar de nearest port am."

"You needn't worry about that, Sam. Bo' Backstay is an old sailor, and he'll manage to pilot the sloop into some island near here," said Jack.

The tide being out, they got around the conical rock, all right.

"Fo' heaben's sake! Whar did yo' get so much money?" cried Sam, his eyes fairly bulging out of his head at the sight of the gold.

"We found it on this island," said Jack.

"Yo' doan' say! Whar did it come from?"

"I guess it was left by a bunch of pirates, years and years ago."

At that moment there came a shout from Tom. Jack and Sam looked to see what was the matter. Around Dead Man's Rock shot a rowboat, with four dark-skinned men in it. The sudden appearance of the unwelcome visitors startled the party.

"Grab the box and run!" cried Jack, picking up his gun.

Tom and Sam seized the treasure chest and scooted, while Backstay put himself in position to cover their retreat.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

The boat shot in to the shore and the man in the bow sprang out on the beach.

"Hello!" said Backstay. "Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"We've come after that young nigger yonder, who stole a sloop from our plantation and ran away with it."

"What's his name?"

"His name is Sam Johnson. You've got to give him up."

"Do you want to sell that sloop he ran away with?"

"Sell it!" cried the man. "What do you want with it?"

"We want to use it to leave the island in. We were wrecked here and have no other means of getting away."

"Is that so? Suppose I sell it to you, how do you expect to pay for it?"

"In cash."

"What! have you money with you?"

"We have some old French and Spanish gold coin worth about \$10 each that we found here. We'll give you fifty of them for your boat, and that's more than she is worth," said Jack.

"Fifty \$10 gold pieces, eh? I'll take you up. Produce the money and the boat is yours, but the negro must come back with us."

"He doesn't want to return to the plantation."

"I don't care what he doesn't want to do. He's got to come and work his time out. We hired him in Charleston, South Carolina, and brought him to our island, and we expect to get the worth of our money out of him."

"Well, if he won't go back with you of his own free will I don't see how we can make him."

"You don't have to. We'll attend to him ourselves. Fetch the fifty \$10 pieces and the boat is yours, and you can go where you choose in her."

"Is Cat Island, whence you came, the nearest island of importance to this?"

"Watling Island is about fifty miles to the southeast, over yonder," said the man, pointing.

"Where is Cat Island?"

"About forty miles over in that direction," replied the man, pointing to the southwest.

"How many of those coins have you in your clothes, Bob?" asked Jack, pulling out a handful.

The sailor produced the few samples he had. Jack counted out fifty and handed them to the man.

"Where did you get these old coins?" he asked.

"We found them on this island."

"How many did you find?"

"That needn't worry you. They're easily worth \$10 each, and you can buy a new and better sailboat with them."

"That box we saw the darky helping to carry away looked heavy. Was that full of these coins?"

"If it was, that doesn't concern you," replied Jack.

"Yes, it does. If you found a lot of gold here, we have a right to a whack out of it. You can't

have the sloop unless you pony up a fair share of your coins."

"Possession is nine points of the law. We've got her and mean to make use of her to carry us to either Cat or Watling Island. If you won't take the price we offer you we'll send the boat back to you when we are done with her."

The fellow retired and consulted with his friends. Then he came back and said he'd take the gold, but he wanted the boy, Sam, too.

"You can't have him. He isn't a slave, and he's worked long enough to pay you. At any rate, he won't go with you."

The man took the money and returning to the boat, ordered his men to row off.

"We must hurry back to the vessel," said Jack to Backstay. "Those chaps intend to try and take the sloop if they can get hold of her."

The sailor agreed with him and they started for the derelict at a rapid rate. They passed Tom and Sam at the plantain grove, where the pair were resting in the shade, with the box of gold, waiting for them.

When they reached the derelict they drew the sloop close in alongside of her and secured her, fore and aft. Then they awaited the appearance of the enemy. The other sloop came sailing around the conical rock. As soon as they came near, Jack and Backstay showed themselves, with their guns.

"Keep off, or we'll fire!" cried Jack, menacingly.

The men saw they meant business, and so, not being armed, they were forced to sheer off and sail away in pretty bad humor. The little party spent the rest of the day getting the treasure on board of the sloop, together with a good supply of fruit and canned provisions. When everything was ready they embarked, with the two chimpanzees and laid their course for Watling Island, where they arrived next day. Here they sold the sloop and took passage in a schooner bound for Boston, the animals being taken along, too, after paying Sam \$1,000.

Eight days later they reached the Hub and landed with the treasure and the chimpanzees. Jack decided to take the animals to his home, for they clung to him and he knew they wouldn't stand for being separated from him. He hired a vehicle and the strange combination, with the five boxes of treasure, started for the suburbs, attracting a whole lot of attention as they passed through the streets of Boston. The boys were received at their homes as if they had returned from the grave, for they had been given up as dead, and their families were wearing mourning for them. They had a great story to tell, which got into the papers, and for a day or two they were quite famous. The treasure turned out to be worth \$300,000, so each of the three got \$100,000. The casket proved to be full of unmounted diamonds, rubies and other valuable stones worth \$90,000 more, which sum was divided also, and Bob Backstay went back to Nantucket, with a draft on the local bank for \$130,000 in his pocket. Jack and Tom went into the tropical fruit business together, and they quartered the two chimpanzees at their store, and their presence there brought them a whole lot of trade.

Next week's issue will contain "CAPTURING THE COIN; OR, THE DEALS OF A BOY BROKER."

CURRENT NEWS

BIG HOG CARCASS

The largest hog ever butchered in Saline County decorates the smokehouse of C. J. Insprucker. The hog weighed 1,035 pounds and measured in length 6 feet 7 inches, girth 7 feet 4 inches and stood 3 feet 4 inches high. Besides making a fine lot of meat, 125 pounds of sausage and 42 gallons of lard were produced.

TAKING CASTOR OIL WITHOUT TASTING IT

Dr. Louie C. Boyd, of Williamsport, Pa., protests to the Journal of the American Medical Association against using milk as a medium for taking castor oil, because this is likely to arouse a disgust for a most valuable food. He suggests these alternatives as preferable: 1. Hold the nose and swallow the dose. 2. Hold a piece of ice in the mouth for a time and then proceed as under 1. 3. Put diluted lemon juice in a glass; rub the rind on the edge of the glass; pour in oil and a small amount of diluted juice on top. If desired, a pinch of sodium bicarbonate can be dropped in, which will make it forth. 4. Put oil in the forth of soda pop."

To which the editor replies that the objection is well taken, but, nevertheless, there are many persons who prefer to take the oil in milk, as the odor of pure unspoiled castor oil is so faint as to be unobjectionable.

A SCHOOL BOY'S PRIZE ESSAY ON THE ARMY

The New York City station of the Army Recruiting Publicity Bureau has announced the winner in the public schools of Greater New York of the prize for the best essay on "The Benefits of an Enlistment in the U. S. Army," offered by the War Department. He is Max Steinbach, a sixteen-year-old Russian-born pupil of the DeWitt Clinton high school, Borough of Manhattan. The essay follows: "I have sounded my bugle, and its shrill notes have sounded in the towns and backwoods and have resounded in the crowded and busy cities. Oh, the Army, whose deeds in the wars that I have fought will never be forgotten by Americans, have sent forth an S. O. S., not for help as one in distress, but a call for comrades. I, whose memorable drive at St. Mihiel, the battle of Argonne Forest, and others, have made me the greatest of the great, have opened my doors to the weak and strong, the rich and poor, the dregs, the tradeless, and for all who care to enter my domains and accept me as a teacher and benefactor. In my huge melting pot I melt all souls, and then, by careful training, I weld them into one common friendship. I teach Americanism and respect for the law. I instil in the youth patriotism. I give strength to the weak, a trade for the tradeless and an education to the ambitious poor. I sharpen the young American's or alien's blades of life with which to strike down the obstacles of life. The ragged I clothe, the hungry I feed, the wise I teach. I broaden the caved-in chest of the

city man. I sharpen the brains of the ignorant. My doors are open, all of my roads lead to a better and cleaner life. Americans and aliens! Unfortunates and all! Enter my abode, and become hardened for life's struggle."

MELTED WOOD

It is possible to melt wood by heating it in a vacuum, producing a hard, homogeneous substance. Melted wood was for a long time only a laboratory curiosity, but it may be that industry shall presently discover practical applications of the greatest interest.

Now although wood is eminently inflammable it melts at a relatively low temperature, but in very precise conditions, and only when it is absolutely removed from contact with oxygen so that its combustion is impossible. This may be understood when we remember what its composition is. When its immediately soluble constituents have been removed by means of alcohol, for instance, it gives on analysis organic acids, water, oily essences, silicates, sulphates, phosphates, chlorides and hydrocarbonates of lime, potash, soda and magnesia, carbonic acid, carbonated hydrogen, etc.—that is to say, solely bodies susceptible of being evaporated or dissolved after having co-operated by chemical affinity in the formation of determinate substances.

Starting from these data Messrs. Bizouard and Lenoir, in 1891, studied the problem of the fusion of wood. They operated in a closed vessel at a relatively low temperature—that is about all one can gather from the records of the period.

Their work was taken up by others, and now there is a full operative technic that enables us easily to obtain excellent results. A metal receiver, a sort of boiler having a double bottom through which superheated steam passes, is filled with bits of wood. It is closed by a lid similar to that used in automobiles and provided with a tube and stop-cock communicating with an apparatus for exhausting the air. When the wood thus kept in a vacuum is heated above 285 degrees Fahrenheit the water and other volatile substances are given off first and are drawn off by means of the exhausting apparatus; after which the heating is continued for about three hours. There then take place a complex series of reactions and phenomena analogous to those that accompany the distillation of wood in a closed vessel, and in this way all the so-called pyrogenous products are separated; these in turn are drawn off, condensed and separated so that they may be utilized commercially. There then remain in the receptacle only the fibrous skeleton of the wood and the mineral salts, which taken together constitute a fusible mass. This is allowed to cool slowly, out of contact with the air, and then placed in a second boiler, which, after the air has been exhausted, is filled with nitrogen under a pressure of 1.5 to 2 atmospheres. The whole is heated to 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit, for two hours, and at the end of this time the wood is melted into a homogeneous, hard mass.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Hawley felt a mighty relief at sound of Madge's whisper, and without rebuking her for coming, he supported her to the regulator, turned the high lantern southwest, and then let on the light.

"What in thunder d'ye mean?" shouted Rucker. "Who did that?"

"Listen, Madge!" Joe was holding the girl up, and clinging to support himself. "Don't you hear the surf?"

Just then the white gleam of the electric shot far out over the port bow. Madge screamed at what she saw, while Hawley felt his chest tighten, as he held to the supports and gripped the girl close.

From both tops came the startling cry:

"Land ho! Land off the port bow! Land in front!"

From the bridge was heard Rucker's frightened voice shouting:

"Wear ship! Call all hands! Starb'ud yer helm!"

The two, under the revealing light, saw high, rock-bound cliffs on the left and in front. The doomed vessel was rushing to her fate.

Hawley recalled seeing a sort of cleft in the tremendous barrier. Then an enormous wave lifted the Discovery up, up, and drove her forward irresistibly.

"It is coming, Madge!" Joe shouted in her ear. "Hold fast! A-a-ah!"

Driven on and on, the ship at last came down between something with a crash. To those on board, who saw, it looked as if the smash of the world had come.

Young Hawley and Madge were thrown violently to the deck. The mast came thundering over the bow. The ship, crumbling fell apart.

The end for everybody on board seemed to have come.

CHAPTER IV.

Ashore on a Desolate Land.

Cries rose all over the vessel. Men came rushing up from below, some from their bunks, others from the engine rooms; all of them panic stricken, partially dressed or nearly naked, just as the shock of the mighty impact of ship against ice-bound rock roused them out in a mad scramble for life.

Both masts went by the board when the Discovery crashed down upon the rocks. Fortunately the searchlight, set by Hawley, continued to throw a white glare inland for several minutes after the ship was first thrown up by the waves.

Hawley, lying still for a moment with his arm about Madge, saw the first mate and the man at

the wheel go over the side when the mainmast fell forward on the bridge.

"If Rucker is drowned," thought the boy, "he only gets what he deserves for mistaking our surroundings the way he did."

"Are you hurt, Madge?" he asked. "We must do something right away."

"I'm all right, I think. But—what has happened? Are we on shore? Will father be able to get out?"

"I felt sure I saw land, and we are thrown on rocks—high up, I think. Listen! The next wave is driving us up higher."

While speaking he lifted the girl to her feet, then reeled toward the bow, when the second shock threw them both down again.

"My poor father!" Madge was actually trying to go back toward the stern. But the force of the second wave sent them clear to the nose of the ship. Then a body came tumbling after them. One of the seamen stooped on his frantic way out, and looked into the face of the man.

"It's the chief engineer," he cried. "Dead as Hector."

Perfectly beside himself he clambered high on the bowsprit, finally falling off and disappearing, probably being dashed to death below.

The searchlight showed that they were lodged on a high cleft between the cliffs. For a wonder, after the two big waves that had cast them ashore and crushed the stern in, there were no further seas so high. It appeared to Hawley that the squalls which so long had buffeted them were subsiding.

But there undoubtedly must have been an appalling loss of life. Hawley peered over the side. Swirling water, filled with crumbling ice, hurtled in and over the black rocks that environed them.

"I see one chance of escape to shore," said he to Madge. "Are you any good crawling along a pole?"

"I hardly know. It is all so terrible, Joe. I must try to go to father. Please do not stop me."

"Of course I must stop you. Madge, listen to me. The stern is all crushed in. Your father, if in his berth, may have been drowned out at the first or second wave. I don't see Mr. Ord. Men are struggling in the seas, but in this weather it is almost sure death. We must wait here for the present. It is the only chance."

Against her wish he held her from leaving the bow, and finally she acquiesced, seeing the madness of either going back to where the stern was or of lowering themselves to the rocks.

A long wait ensued. Hawley secured two heavy sealskin overcoats, wrapping Madge in one. Then he tied a rope about the waists of both and crawled out on the bowsprit, from the end of which a fragment of the foremast rested on a part of the rocks that the icy waves did not reach. Once out here, they saw that one of the yards of the mainmast had fallen to one side.

"See, Madge. There are men crawling out on that, to another jutting rock. They are worse off than we, so far."

"If only my father is one of them!" she exclaimed.

But about this time the searchlight went out, and their further progress was as much by feeling as by sight.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

MAKES HIS 180TH ESCAPE

Roy Dickerson, charged with aiding in the robbing of a bank, made what is said to have been his 180th escape from jail at Los Angeles when he used a crude key on his cell lock in the city prison, climbed up a ventilator shaft and fled.

Dickerson's wife, who is in jail there, said her husband formerly was a vaudeville performer making a specialty of freeing himself from handcuffs and other restraints.

TREED BY A BULL

Philip Long, Marsh Balston and F. Freese, all of Edinburg, Ind., started out the other day to spend the day fishing on Driftwood River, but instead spent the most of it in a tree. When crossing a pasture they were attacked by a bull, and ran to a big tree in the field. They succeeded in climbing to safety, but were cornered by the bull, who waited the greater part of the day for them to descend. Finally it strayed a short distance away and began nibbling grass. After it had proceeded several rods from the tree, and while its back was turned, the men descended in a hurry and ran, getting out of the pasture unharmed.

OLD BOOTS STILL GOOD

In the spring of 1874 Ed Wilford walked into Topeka, Kan., wearing a pair of calfskin boots that had been made to order for him the year before by a shoemaker in Wisconsin. Of course he has worn out scores of boots and shoes since then, but he still wears the identical pair of boots at times, and they still are in good condition and quite serviceable in spite of forty-seven years of useful life. Henry Hudson, the pioneer shoemaker of Douglas, repaired them in his day. The pair of boots cost \$8 when made-to-order boots and shoes cost much more than factory made footwear.

CRAZED MAN SPENDS 174 HOURS ON WIRES

After spending the night on electric, telephone and telegraph wires at the intersection of two of the principal streets, Mobile, Ala., Charles Sanders, a lineman, descended safely early into the arms of policemen who had pleaded with him for fourteen hours to forsake his perilous perch.

The officers said Sanders was crazed with narcotics, of which he had partaken at intervals while in the air. He told the police he believed the crowds which had gathered to watch him were bent on lynching him, and he consented to return to the ground only after protection had been promised him.

Electric current was cut off in that section of the city so the lineman would not be electrocuted. While in the air the man performed many thrilling "stunts."

ABOUT TEMPERING COPPER

The Aztecs, Toltecs and Tarascans, it is said, possessed in prehistoric ages the art of tempering

copper. Several archaeologists and ethnologists of Mexico City now deny they had such knowledge. Copper axes and knife blades found at Atcapotzalco are so soft they can be cut with an ordinary pocket-knife. On the other hand, Tarascan copper cutting implements from the Balsas River ruins in Guerrero were so hard that they would turn the edge of a modern knife. Analysis showed that these different blades were of the same composition as the copper ores found in the respective localities. The soft blades were made from comparatively pure copper ores, while the hard, apparently tempered, blades from Guerrero, were made from the natural ores which existed in the hills, alloyed with nickel and cobalt; thus making the smelted metal (or alloy) almost as hard as steel. Hence the so-called tempering was due to the natural alloy found in the ore, which when heated and sharpened gave a hard, cutting edge. On the other hand, where the ores were practically pure copper, the implements made from such ores were soft and remain so to this day.

CROWBARS RESCUE HONEY DEALER FROM PHONE BOOTH

Henry Bose, a dealer in honey, of Richmond Hill, L. I., spent twenty-five minutes in a telephone booth in the South Ferry Building, New York, the other day trying to get a connection. Discouraged, he started to leave and discovered that the sliding door had jumped its track and would not open.

Mr. Bose began to swear. He swore more like a pirate or a vinegar merchant than a seller of honey. But as he was in a telephone booth, the stream of humanity that passed ignored his utterances as an excusable display of temper. Mr. Bose began to pound on the door with his fists. Still the people passed; occasionally an individual in the throng would smile at Mr. Bose, who, in response, bared his teeth, but not in a smile.

Finally Mr. Bose calmed himself long enough to write on the back of an envelope: "I can't get out; the door's jammed." He shoved this message under the door into the corridor, as has been done by trapped heroines in countless melodramas, and then began to tap feebly on the glass with a gentle forefinger. A girl approached, correctly interpreted his pantomime and picked up the envelope. She carried this to Policeman Frank Roth, of Traffic A, on duty outside the building.

Policeman Roth went to the telephone booth with the girl, looked through the glass at Mr. Bose and rubbed the stubble of his chin reflectively. Mr. Bose was just beginning to swear again when the policeman went to the street, enlisted two subway workers with crowbars. These men, after a brief struggle, pried the sweltering honey merchant out of his trap, and then, after tucking a bit of his silver in their overalls, thanked him kindly.

THE YOUNG HERDER

By Kit Clyde.

"He lives in the shadow of death. If he weds the Senorita Julia, there will be another widow in Tucson shortly after that event."

"You speak confidently, Dan. Indeed, did we not know you, we might think that you intended to figure in that bit of widow-making of which you speak."

Dan Shuler, or Strong Dan, as he was called wherever familiarly known, winced at his friend's remark, and hastened to say:

"I allow that the senorita once occupied my thoughts, and it might have been said that Dan Shuler had found his affinity, but I guess the feeling didn't amount to anything serious. No, I shall not be in at that widow-making. Perhaps I don't like Jim Rutherford; but that's neither here nor there. Maybe he doesn't like Dan Shuler. That's all right, boys. There's an Indian up the river named Katchewan; we call him Otter Tail."

The group exchanged looks.

"Otter Tail will make the senorita a widow?" asked one.

"I did not say so," Shuler replied, with a meaning smile, and then, after a pause, he said:

"I guess none of you like Jim Rutherford any too well?"

"No!" chorused half a dozen voices.

"Then I'll tell you. It was up the river, near the forks, last summer. Rutherford was there. We were sitting around the fire when Otter Tail came into camp. The redskin was half drunk, and at once he began to brag. He was not long letting out the secret of Rutherford's loss of his horses a month before. The young fellow flew up in a passion, and springing to his feet he knocked the Indian down, right into the fire. I jerked him out before he was badly burned, and took him out of camp."

"What did the Injun say, Dan?" asked one.

"He was as mute as an oyster for some time; but when I got him to talking he merely said:

"To-morrow Katchewan will make the bullet for the white dog's carcass."

"That meant business," said one of the party.

"Of course it did. The Indian hasn't forgotten the knock-down, for yesterday he showed me the burn on his shoulder, and assured me that the hour of vengeance was near at hand."

The foregoing conversation took place in a bar-room in Tucson one night.

The parties were men of acknowledged desperateness, but who claimed to have that sense of honor which curses the Western frontier, and makes more graves there than the ravages of disease.

Strong Dan had not exaggerated the story of Otter Tail's chastisement by the young New Yorker, who was quietly making money in Tucson in a legitimate way, much to the envy and annoyance of the rough portion of the community.

The Indian had deserved the punishment.

He was a sub-chief of some note, and had a few redeeming qualities.

Fire-water was his favorite beverage, and petty thieving his frequent occupation.

He had ingratiated himself into the graces of

such men as Dan Shuler and his lawless confederates, and they would resent any indignity offered the chief.

This Indian was the "shadow of death" referred to by the rough character of Tucson.

His hatred of Rutherford was deadly, and swift would have been the young man's doom if Strong Dan had not advised him to delay the blow until his enemy had led the Spanish girl to the altar.

Strong Dan had an object in view when he bestowed this unsought advice.

Senorita Julia had rejected his proposals of marriage, and plainly intimated that her choice had fallen upon the young gentleman from the States.

Shuler, finding himself baffled, appeared to acquiesce in the fair lady's decision, and went his way; but it was not long afterwards that he found Katchewan under the influence of frontier liquor, and about to hunt his enemy down and administer the vengeance which had stung his soul so long.

Then the advice just referred to was given, and the Indian promised to defer his revenge until he could make the Spanish girl a widow.

Thus Strong Dan hoped to reward her for rejecting him.

Well, gentlemen, it was towards the close of a true summer afternoon, about a fortnight after the talk in the bar-room, a young man of prepossessing appearance left Tucson, and walked in a southeasterly direction.

He was dressed in the rather fantastic garments of a Spanish head cattle-herder, though his features proclaimed him an American.

His only observable weapon was a rifle secured to his back by a strap that crossed his breast, and its arrangement told that he expected to meet no enemy.

He went over a hill that lost the city to his sight, and entered a forest robed in the beauties of summer, and resonant with the songs of birds.

Cacti and other plants peculiar to that part of the country were visible at intervals, but he did not notice them.

By looking straight ahead he could discern the appearance of a lot of buildings, which seemed to indicate that a town lay beyond the trees, and his eyes lit up with delight as the sight grew more distinct.

Beyond the forest, which was not large, stood the hacienda-like home of the Spanish girl who had incurred the hatred of Strong Dan Shuler, and it was the many buildings attached to it that attracted the pedestrian's attention.

If the young man, who was none other than Rutherford, believed that his departure from Tucson had not been noticed, he was deceiving himself.

Neither Shuler nor his friends had witnessed the quiet, but not secret withdrawal, but the eyes of a person who had long thirsted for his blood were upon him, and his going into the forest alone had inflamed a savage heart.

Rutherford walked leisurely through the wood, and towards the home of the young girl who had promised to become his bride on the morrow.

He feared no attack, and never since the night around the camp-fire had he thought that Otter Tail harbored revenge against him.

The sun sank rapidly in the west; the stately trees threw the long shadows that are the precursors of night when all is shade; but enough light

remained to distinguish objects at a considerable distance.

It was near the edge of the forest that a footstep fell upon Rutherford's ear.

He paused and looked back, to see an indistinct figure moving, seemingly, toward him.

Then the thought of treachery on Strong Dan's part came over him, and he stepped close to a clump of bushes, and unslinging his gun, determined to watch events.

His figure was almost effectually concealed by the shadows, and, with eyes fixed upon the figure gliding forward with suspicious motion, Rutherford stood like a statue of bronze.

Presently the trailer, for undoubtedly such the person was, grew into an Indian, for plume and garments became visible, and the American recognized him.

It was Katchewan, or Otter Tail, and Rutherford knew that the chief was upon his trail.

Closer to the broad leaves of the protecting plant the hunted man crept, with his eye fixed steadfastly upon the Indian, whose errand was no longer a matter of conjecture.

Scarcely thirty feet from the bunch of maguey Otter Tail came to a halt, and looked around perplexed.

The man whom he had followed from Tucson had to him mysteriously disappeared; the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him.

Rutherford watched and enjoyed the chief's perplexity until he saw another figure, panther-like, creeping upon his trailer.

No sound indicated the second approach, and, a moment after the discovery, the young man recognized an Indian, called the Creeper, standing with uplifted tomahawk menacingly near Otter Tail.

Otter Tail, while seeking his life, had been tracked by a red enemy of his own tribe, and a forest feud was about to be settled in a startling manner.

But Rutherford could not stand idly by and see the life of his enemy taken by a sneaking assassin, and the rifle which had covered Katchewan shifted to the figure of his treacherous foe.

A moment later the forest tableau was rudely broken by the report of the American's rifle, and Otter Tail's would-be slayer, dropping the uplifted hatchet, fell with a death-cry at the foot of a tree.

Quick as a flash the chief whirled, to see his foe in the agonies of death, and to discern a puff of white smoke curling above the maguey.

"The Creeper hate Katchewan long time," he said, catching a glimpse of his preserver, and coming forward as if willing to trust the man who had stricken the brave.

Rutherford stepped boldly forth to see Otter Tail start back with a cry of amazement.

It was only for a moment.

"Katchewan hunt the white man!" the Indian suddenly cried, throwing his gun to the ground and advancing again. "He had promised to wait till Spanish girl his wife; but the evil spirit said, 'No wait! to-day! to-day!' and Katchewan was on his trail. He hunt white man no more; he can take pretty girl to his lodge, and Katchewan will guard it with his life. Injun grateful! Injun not always a dog!"

With an exclamation of joy Rutherford seized the red hand which the Indian chief thrust forward, and there was a fraternal grasp.

On the following day the senorita Julia became Rutherford's bride, and Katchewan was not far away.

That night strong Dan reproached the chief and ventured to call him a coward.

"If Katchewan's love for the white herder is cowardice he is proud of it," was the reply. "Let no man touch the young paleface and his bride, or that man shall die!"

DEAF GIRLS CLEVER BALL PLAYERS

To watch girls playing ball without the usual noise of chatter but with an equal amount of enthusiasm, to see the players send signals to their teammates by a quick flash of the fingers and cover each move of the game with keen aggression, is a spectacle that would arrest the attention of even the most casual spectator.

Athletics and gymnasium work in many of the largest schools, for the instruction of the deaf are claiming more and more an active place in the interest of the girls, and many of them are showing most promising results from their spirit and work in basket ball, fencing, giant's stride, and other games.

Basket ball is particularly popular. Signals are given by a quick gesture, everything depending upon the closest attention being given to the girl who holds the ball and decides upon the next move.

By one simple movement of the hand a player can send a call to one of her mates or express her scorn at her opponent's bungling. The player follows the passes and rules of the game by keeping the eye constantly alert to catch every movement of the opponent.

The rules of the game are so vital to the deaf girl that when she has thoroughly mastered them she cannot be shaken in her understanding of what she has learned. Each player becomes so attentive that should a foul be made and the referee not be quick in detecting it, that person would be routed by the volley of protest.

Athletics are a natural outlet for the energy of healthy girls possessing all the faculties of hearing and speech, but to the deaf girl sport at first means labor until interest is aroused. It is an unfortunate fact that in some of the schools the girls have never received athletic attention in proportion to that given to boys. At one school three-quarters of an hour during the week is devoted to the girls' physical exercises, although the boys enjoy the privilege of at least that length of time each day. Hanging from the rings in their gymnasium is a bit of fun and exercise that appeals to these young girls. It is considered most excellent for the deaf mute, as it brings into play those muscles which need strengthening to assist them both mentally and physically. The sensation of flying through space, as in swinging, is also a keen delight.

They enter into folk dancing and social dancing with much spirit and enjoyment. The vibrations of the drum beat enables even those who may be almost totally deaf to keep perfect time.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

LAMB SKINS FROM GREECE

Lamb skins were selling in Greece at the beginning of the present year at 95 francs a dozen, goat skins for 110 francs a dozen, kid for shoes at 40 francs a dozen, and kid for gloves at 95 francs a dozen, according to a report by Trade Commissioner Mears. Favorable terms offered by American ships are largely responsible for the fact that 60 per cent. of these skins are being exported to the United States.

INDIAN CAVALRY TROOP

Wyoming is to have a troop of cavalry composed entirely of full-blooded Indians. Adjutant General Timothy McCoy has just returned from the Wind River reservation, where Shoshone and Arapahoe Indian chiefs consented to start immediately a recruiting campaign for a troop of National Guard cavalry. McCoy's acquaintance with the tribal tongues of the Shoshone and Arapahoes was an important factor in persuading the Indian leaders to undertake the recruiting campaign.

HOW ODOR TRAVELS

The rapid propagation of smells noticed in the open air appears due entirely to currents, since in small tubes, where currents do not exist, the rate is found to be very small. Experiments along this line were first undertaken in England by Prof. Ayrton, and additional data have been reported in this country.

With ammonia diffusing through a tube a meter and a half long, over two hours elapsed before the smell could be detected at the other end of the tube. Using different lengths of tubing, it was found that the time required for the diffusion of the smell was roughly proportioned to the square of the length. Ammonia and hydrogen sulphide were used for these experiments. The presence of ammonia could be detected chemically at a point in a tube after about the same time as when the sense of smell was used for a detector. The rate of propagation of the smell of ammonia was not markedly different when this had to pass along the same tube either horizontally or vertically upward or vertically downward. With camphor, however, while the rates horizontally and downward were about the same, the speed upward was

about twice as great. The smell given to iron and brass by rubbing these with the fingers was also tried, but gave no definite results.

FIND FULLY CLOTHED SKELETON OF WOMAN

Unsolved for more than twenty years, the mystery, surrounding the disappearance of Miss Carrie Selva was believed to be cleared away with the finding of a skeleton in the private hospital, Indianapolis, Ind., where she was last seen, March 11, 1900. The coroner found no trace of violence. She had been a teacher and was 43 years of age.

The skeleton was found by workmen who were turning the old building into a garage. Clothed in a blue dress, it was resting in a sitting posture in the corner of an attic. The costume, along with a pair of felt slippers, were recognized by three brothers of the dead woman. They are Edward L., William J. and Joseph W. Selva, members of an old Indianapolis family.

The old building originally was an orphans' home and later was converted into the Union State hospital. It was at that time Miss Selva entered the institution because of a nervous disease. Some time later it was turned into a rooming house. The building was of unusual construction and the place where the skeleton was found, a small corner about three by four feet, apparently was a second attic.

LAUGHS

"Don't you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne, "he's not afflicted with it; he enjoys it."

Rita—Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?
Nita—He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark room, where he had evidently developed a negative.

Wilson—I lost that fine silk umbrella that I carried in town to-day. Mrs. Wilson—Oh, that was a pity. Wilson—Still, there is one consolation. It wasn't mine."

"Yes; he's sure to make a grand president for the college. He's had so much experience." "I didn't know he was a prominent educator." "He isn't. He was an insurance agent, and he can coax money out of a stone wall."

Mrs. Housekeep—I don't know much about the new girl, but she's good-natured and harmless, at any rate. Mr. Housekeep—How did you find that out? Mrs. Housekeep—I notice that she sings at her work. Mr. Housekeep—That's no proof; a mosquito does that.

All that's necessary to make a hit with a girl," said the man who thought he was wise, "is just to keep telling her how pretty she is." "You're wrong," replied the man who was really wise; "you've also got to keep sneering at the homeliness of her girl friends."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

The farmers of Ottawa County, O., have found the trapping of muskrats a profitable industry this winter. Fur dealers say that perhaps \$250,000 will be added to their bank accounts as a result of their efforts. The muskrats are plentiful in the marsh lands along the south shore of Lake Erie. Prices paid for the pelts this year exceed by far those paid in previous years. Muskrat pelts when dyed and treated are sold by many retailers as an inferior grade of seal, according to fur dealers.

A GOLDEN CITY

The Mexican city of Guanajuato, built near the oldest gold mines in the country, was originally constructed of adobes made of the refuse of these mines. As the early processes of extraction were very imperfect, the walls and floors of these buildings were thus full of gold.

Things would have continued thus for an indefinite time, and the inhabitants would have been living yet in these valuable buildings, if the passage of a railway line near by had not necessitated the demolition of about 100 houses.

DANCED AMID EXPLOSIVES

Young people of Brest, France, have been greatly enjoying dances given at one of the large American barracks near town, and have just been apprised of the fact that they were "dancing upon a volcano" while there.

The building was deserted after the American forces departed for home, but they left behind them a large number of cases, which were piled along the walls by those who found that the floor was admirably adapted to dancing. On these boxes were words in English, but the dancers, not understanding that language, did not know that the words were "dynamite," "lyddite," "gun-cotton" and "detonators."

Police officials who entered the building recently found the floor covered with cigarette butts, stubs of cigars and empty bottles.

WORLD'S FIRST AUTO FOUND

What is said to be the first automobile in the world was discovered by the officers of the A. E. F. near Le Mans, France, in the magnificent stables of the estate of the Marquis de Broc, says Leslie's Weekly. The authentic record of this self-propelled road car is that it was built (at enormous expense) in 1878. It was used on long road trips, and had a speed of about twenty-eight miles an hour, but the marquis stopped using it, as it frightened the neighbors' horses!

The car was discovered by officers who were invited to the castle by the marquis. It somewhat resembles a stage coach in design, having a powerful engine in the front and a chimney in the rear. It was propelled by steam, much as our steam rollers are to-day.

The small wire railing at the top was intended to hold baggage while traveling, and it is evident that the car was fitted up with every convenience

which could be contrived at the time. The car is now stored in the marquis's garage.

THE FIRST TRADE UNION IN AMERICA

While separate labor unions had their beginning in America early in the last century, the first combination of societies of workingmen on this side of the Atlantic probably dates from eighty-six years ago, when the general trades unions of the City of New York had an organization meeting.

Organization among American laborers began in 1803, when the ship carpenters and caulkers of New York and Boston organized. The tailors of New York formed a union the same year, and 1803 also witnessed the first industrial strike in America, when the New York sailors refused to work. Before that, however, there had been labor disturbances among the bakers of New York and the boot and shoe makers of Philadelphia. It was during the sailors' strike of 1817 and the Albany printers' strike of 1820 that the terms "rat" and "scab" were first used. From local unions the organization of labor progressed until in 1850 the first international labor union, that of the printers, was launched.

The first "martyrs to trade unionism" were thrown into jail at Tolpuddle, Dorsetshire, England, seventy-seven years ago. They were James and George Lovelace, Thomas Stanfield, James Hammett, John Stanfield and James Byrne. The first three men were Wesleyan preachers who worked as farm laborers on week days and preached the Gospel on Sundays. Their imprisonment was due to their attempt to form a union of farm laborers to protest against a proposed reduction in wages from seven shilling to six shillings—less than \$1.50 a week. The landlords were all powerful in Dorsetshire and the "conspirators" were arrested, stripped, shorn of their hair and cast into jail and eventually sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; "not," said the judge, "for anything you have done, or as I can prove you intended to do, but as an example to others." A monument at Tolpuddle commemorates the names of the "first martyrs to trade unionism."

The first demand of labor unions for an eight-hour day was made at a convention held in Baltimore, Aug. 21, 1866. This congress also marked the first attempt to organize a national federation of the various trades unions, national and international, then existing in the United States and Canada. One hundred delegates were present, representing about 60 organizations. The demand for the eight-hour day was but an incident in the session of the congress, but at succeeding gatherings it assumed great importance and became the leading plank of organized labor's platform. Several organizations divided the allegiance of organized labor, but in 1881 the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada was launched, and out of this has grown the powerful American Federation of Labor.—Detroit News.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

FROM ALL POINTS

BOYS AND GIRLS IN CANADA OWN LIVE STOCK

A calf exhibited by Glen Campbell, nine years old, of Chater, Man., won first prize and grand championship at the recent stock show held in Winnipeg. The animal weighed 1,050 pounds and sold for 50 cents a pound, or \$525. The second prize calf, exhibited by Richard Hamilton, aged ten, weighed 910 pounds and sold for \$1.31 a pound, or \$1,192.

"I do not believe that another fifty calves equal to the first fifty shown in the boys' competition could be found on the North American Continent," said Prof. Pew, judge at the show.

Boys' and girls' clubs interested in the breeding of pure bred livestock recently have been formed all over Western Canada as part of a movement to keep boys and girls on the farm by quickening their interest in farm work. As a result, farmers' children in the prairie provinces now own livestock valued at several hundred thousand dollars.

OUR RHINE SOLDIERS MAKE MONEY IN MARKS

The American Army men are watching exchange and doing some figuring for the next pay day. They are going to be paid in dollars. This is an innovation in paying, as previously the men have been paid in marks. The change is ordered to have the men from the fluctuations in exchange, according to General Allen.

It is a matter of record, however, that the soldiers have profited by speculations in exchange in a way to make Wall Street operators look like amateur financiers.

For example, a soldier saved \$150, sold it at a bank at 80 marks for a dollar, walked over to the army station and sold the marks fifty to a dollar, clearing \$90 on the transaction.

The army rates have been fixed arbitrarily by months, while the bank rates have fluctuated. Soldiers were quick to take advantage of this. The new order is expected to stop speculation, but the soldiers are watching the market and planning new financial coups.

ABOUT ELECTRIC FISH

Certain fishes exhibit peculiar electrical phenomena of muscles, nerves and heart, which have given them the name of electric fishes. These have the power of giving electrical shocks from specially constructed and living electrical batteries. Our knowledge of their properties has been increased by measurements made with a very sensitive galvanometer.

There are in all about fifty species of these fishes, but the electrical properties of only five or six have been studied in detail. The best known are various species of torpedo, belonging to the skate family found in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas; the gymnotus, an eel found in the

region of the Orinoco in South America; the malapterurus, the thrash or thunderer fish, of the Arabs, a native of the Nile, the Niger, Senegal and other African rivers, and various species of skate found in the seas around Great Britain.

The electrical fishes do not belong to any one class or group—some are found in fresh water, while others inhabit the sea. They possess two distinct types of electrical organs. One closely relates in structure to muscle, as found in the torpedo, gymnotus and skate, while the other presents more of the characters of the structure of the secreting gland as illustrated by the electric organ of the thunderer fish. Both types are built upon a vast number of microscopical elements, each of which is supplied with a nerve fibre.

These nerve fibres come from large nerves that originate in the nerve centres, brain or spinal cord, and in these centres are found special large nerve cells, with which the nerve fibres of the electric organs are connected and from which they spring. Yet the electricity is not generated in the electric centres and conveyed by the electric nerves to the electric organ itself. It is only produced, however, so as to give a shock when set in action by nervous impulses transmitted to it from the electric centres by the electric nerves.

There are few departments of physiological science in which can be found a more striking example of organic adaptiveness than in the construction of the electric fishes. In these animals there are specialized organs for the production of electricity on an economical basis far surpassing anything yet contrived by man. The organs are either modified muscles or modified glands, structures which in all animals manifest electrical properties.

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GOOD READING

NEW JAPANESE BATTLESHIP

The keel of the battleship Tosa for the Japanese navy has been laid at Nagasaki. The vessel will have a length of 700 feet and her displacement will be 40,000 tons. Her main battery will consist of eight or ten 16-inch guns, and she will be among the most powerful battleships in the world, embodying all essential improvements developed during the World War. Her motive power will be geared turbines, and her designed horsepower, it is estimated, will be sufficient to develop a speed of twenty-four knots. She was provided for by the 1918 construction program, which included three other vessels of her class, but it is not certain that these will all be of uniform design.

BEGGED DIME. HAD \$1,600.69

Patrolman Lovett heard a plaintive appeal at his elbow at Hicks and Congress streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., the other day and turned to find a ragged supplicant begging 10 cents for something to eat. The officer put his hand in his pocket and then decided to make sure about the solicitor. He took the man to the Amity street station, where, according to Lovett, a search revealed 69 cents in cash and \$1,600 worth of War Savings certificates.

The man gave his name as John A. Carlson, 60 years old, no home. Magistrate Walsh in Adams street court held him pending further investigation.

BEAR FOLLOWS MAN

Followed by a bear for two miles in the mountains near McCloud, Cal., was the experience of John Phillips, who stepped lively until he reached camp. Then he thought he was safe, but the bear entered camp also, its face bristling with porcupine quills. These it submitted to have pulled out by Phillips and others, to its great relief. During the operation Bruin was docile as a kitten, but afterward it showed fight and could only be captured with difficulty and danger. It will be kept for a pet.

ADOPTED BOY LEAVES

Sixteen-year-old George Wilkinson, who was adopted by Richard M. Sellers, a steel man of Wilmington, Del., after long wandering as a waif of the war, has again been seized by the wanderlust and disappeared.

Wilkinson was born in England of Belgian parents. His father was killed in the war and his mother died soon afterward. Left to himself the boy went into the mine sweeping service, sailed to many ports as a cabin boy and finally came to America.

Six weeks ago when he passed through this city, Mr. Sellers was attracted by his story and offered him a home. The wanderer, however, soon tired of a life of ease and disappeared, leaving a note expressing the deepest thanks to the man who had befriended him, but saying he felt impelled to continue wandering.

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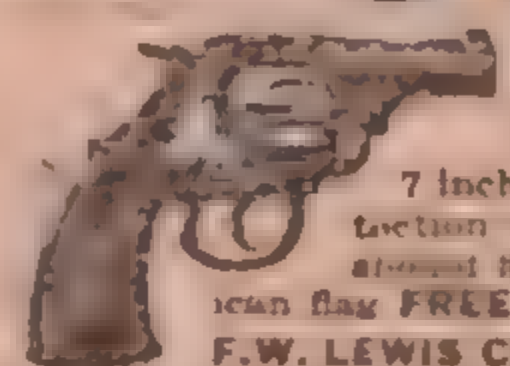
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Small Flute-Piccola, played instantly. 25c AGENTS WANTED STEWART CO., 321K W. 48th St., N. Y. C.

NEW THINGS

A folding wire head rest which can be attached to the back of a cap has been invented for the comfort of men who have to lie on their backs under automobiles.

An Englishman is the inventor of a magnifying glass to be fastened to a pencil or engraving tool, to help the draughtsman or engraver.

For use where space is limited a Chicago concern has brought out a three-wheeled gasoline truck that can be turned in a twelve-foot circle.

Nails are driven through two boards at once at an angle and clinched into the second board by an English inventor's box-making machine.

To exterminate grasshoppers a Wisconsin man has invented a device to be pushed across a field, the insects jumping against a polished metal surface from which they slide between rollers that crush them.

A new folding camera is equipped with an additional bellows to be drawn out and extended beside the regular one to permit accurate focussing to be done until a picture is taken.



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After several applications my looking-glass revealed a slight fuzz. This developed from day to day to a healthy growth of hair. Imagine my satisfaction in being able actually to brush the hair where there had been a bare scalp! Yet it was true. Soon I was able to comb it—and I have been able to do so ever since.

I traded with the old Indian savant, obtaining the recipe. It was crude and the ointment was almost nauseating. So I had it modernized, by a practical chemist, holding to the original principle, and now from the recipe a cosmetic pomade is prepared. Men and women have used it—and many are now doing so. In numerous cases remarkable results are being reported.

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NEWS NOTES

A new electric dental engine runs on either direct or alternating current or on that supplied by dry batteries where no other supply of electricity is available.

The body of an ambulance invented by an Englishman for horses is mounted on a pivot so it can be turned around to enable an animal patient to walk out head first.

A recently patented coat and hat hanger which can be carried in a pocket and attached to any wooden surface without tools will sustain a weight of 60 pounds.

Permanent and practical memorials to James Watt, who died a century ago this year, are planned by a number of British scientific and engineering organizations.

An English inventor's card-board substitute is made by inserting a layer of sawdust between two sheets of paper and binding them together with an adhesive material and pressure.

A new pulley that permits gradual, smooth starting of machinery without transmitting shocks from a gasoline engine, has spokes which are resilient and bend when subjected to sudden pulls.

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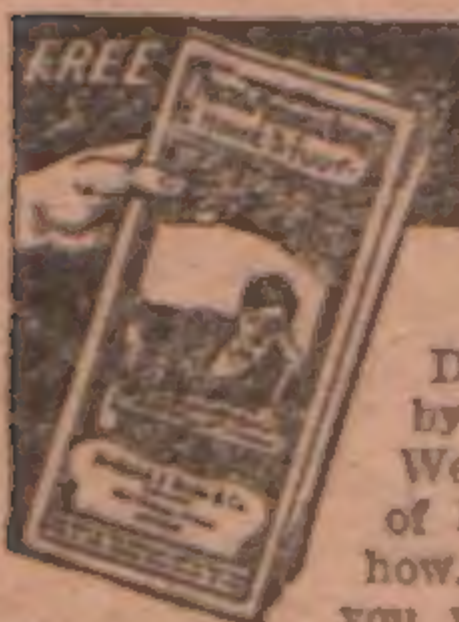
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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 746 A Boy With Ginger; or, The Lad Who Won the Dollars.
- 747 Dick and His Chum; or, Making a Fortune for His Firm.
- 748 Out To Win; or, The Mystery of Safe Deposit Box No. 666.
- 749 A Wall Street Hero; or, A Winning Tip on the Market.
- 750 Winning a Fortune; or, The Boy Hero of the Mill.
- 751 Stockbroker Dick; or, The Boy Who Broke the Wall Street Market.
- 752 On the Job; or, Tom Taylor's Lucky Venture.
- 753 The Lucky Seven; or, The Boys Who Won the Money.
- 754 Will, the Waif; or, From Bootblack to Merchant.
- 755 Prince of the Curb; or, A College Boy in Wall Street.
- 756 Wrecked in the Gulf; or, The Gold of the Old Buccaneers.
- 757, The Rival Boy Brokers; or, Out for Every Deal in Sight.
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- 760 Brave Billy Bland; or, Hustling Up a Business.
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No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

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